THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR
OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For DECEMBER, 1800.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of a FARRIER's SHOP, by SCOTT, and an Etching of a WILD CAT and SPANIELS, by HOWIT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. P[illegible]'s; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER 1800.

The Farrier's Shop.

[An Engraving by Scott, from a Drawing of Sartorious.]

THIS Plate requires not a word of explanation; it is a subject of fancy, and speaks for itself. As, however, it is customary to announce the plates of the month in some part of the Magazine, we here do it in respect to the Farrier's Shop, and which, when our volume is bound, is to be placed opposite this page.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Journal *of the* Royal Chase.

ON Monday the 8th, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Bear Grove; after drawing which, and a considerable scope of country without success, they at length unkenneled within half an hour of sun-set, at Shottesbrook Great Wood, and went off in high stile to Billingbear, Binfield, the Hazes, Brick-bridge, White and Lawrence Waltham, to Kiln Green, where they killed, though so dark, that no one man in the field could see to ride up to the hounds.

On Tuesday the 9th, a deer was turned out at Maidenhead Thicket, before his Majesty, and upwards of one hundred horsemen: looking with the utmost contemptuous indifference upon so formidable an aggregate, he for a long time seemed to refuse the least compliance with the eager expectation and anxious wishes of the multitude; when having at length irritated the patience of some, and excited the curses of others, by taking to a pond in Birches Green, he bid them adieu; and, with the pack *close at him*, led them through the beechen woods of Assey-Hill, Hurley Park, on to Bear Grove; to the right over the open country to Lord Malmsbury's; leaving this to the left, he afforded some excellent racing to the seasoned horses, and more seasoned sportsmen, till reaching the Thames, he crossed it at Medenham, to the great regret and disappointment of numbers, for, as the ferry-boat could contain but eight with safety, it was in vain for more than two freights to pursue, when the hounds were rising the hills of Oxfordshire, more than a mile on the other side. In this dilemma, the scene may be better conceived than described; numbers of the unfortunate were obliged to return in *dudgeon* to different parts of the country, while the more happy *few* continued the chase, till the deer was taken at Henley, after a most capital run of two hours and a half.

On Saturday, the stag-hounds hunted at Ascot Race-ground; and on the same day, the Berkeley hounds, during a *five hours incessant rain*, drew Bear Grove, Scarlet's Copse, Lord Braybrooke's, and

N 2 Colonel

Colonel Vansittart's coverts, without a single note of preparation; but, throwing into Bisham Park on their way home, the *challenge*, the grand *crash*, and *a view*, instantly succeeded each other: disdaining an early shelter from his "native lodging place," he boldly crossed the open common to Cookham Deane, and Aldridge's woods, till nearly reaching the Thames at Stonehouse, where, finding the hounds gain fast upon him, he headed, re-crossed Cookham Deane, and reached Bisham great woods, where, affording a circle of breast-high running, he availed himself of the *stoppers* nocturnal negligence, and reached his *earth*, after a brisk and uninterrupted gallop of three-quarters of an hour.

The Duke of Cumberland hunted with the Berkeley hounds at East Burnham beeches, on Monday, Dec. 15, where the first fox was lost in a very little time after being unkenneled; this disappointment was however soon obliterated by a fresh fox, who, when found, had the pack so close upon him, that he had no alternative but to break covert with the whole body of hounds at his *brush*, which proved his almost immediate destruction, being run into and *killed*, after about a ten minutes racing burst, the most of it *in view*.

On Friday the 12th inst. Mr. Hanbury's hounds, attended by a great number of respectable sportsmen, turned out a fox, had an excellent day's running, and killed at Lady Wood, in great stile.—Monday following, met at Castle Hedingham, when, if possible, their sport exceeded that of the preceding meeting: after an hour, ran one fox to ground; found again, and ran very hard for two hours, killing one horse in the pursuit; found a third fox, which ran them very hard till dark.—Capt. Towers, of the Guards, narrowly escaped the loss of a valuable hunter, which was near being drowned in crossing the river Colne.

The Duke of York's hounds, kept at Oatlands, were lately drafted from the Earl of Egremont's, and at first amused the neighbourhood with hunting hare: but plenty of foxes being found in the environs they constantly hunt fox, and are improving rapidly; they have had at Walton, Ockham, and Ripley, some good runs, and frequently kill. His Highness hunts as often as the extent of his official engagements will permit: this sporting department is under the superintending management of G. Lake, Esq.

We hear from Kinross, that the late coursing meeting there, was well attended, and that there was much good sport. The two silver cups and the purse were won by a dog called Spring, the property of Robert Wellwood, Esq.

On Tuesday the 23d, Mr. Hounsom's bay mare Carnation, by Revenge, out of Superior's dam, by Highflyer, beat easy Mr. Sawyer's brown mare, two miles over Epsom, for 100 guineas, play or pay. The odds at starting were in favour of Mr. Sawyer, who had retained, and brought from Newmarket the celebrated Westlake, to insure a superiority of *jockeyship*; notwithstanding which step of sporting prudence, Carnation (in the language of the Duke of Queensberry) "took the lead and kept it," to the great credit of Fenwick's subordinate, who officiated as jockey in a most masterly manner upon the occasion.

The match of Tunbridge against time (from Westminster-bridge to Rochester, in two hours) ran on the 1st of October, is not yet settled, but will go to the Jockey Club for decision, upon a mere poi

point of punctilio, respecting some informality in the precise time, or hour, of starting only, as the owner of the horse brings ample proof of his having performed the engagement.

A match was lately to have been run over Doncaster Course for 100 guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, the other started alone to make good the bet, and after having gone about a mile, a greyhound bitch ran with her the other three miles, keeping nearly head to head, which produced a singular race; and when they arrived at the distance-post, 5 to 4 was betted on the greyhound, and even betting at the stand. The mare won by about a head.

Anecdote.

THERE was a man, named Faulkener, who went out about five years ago to Philadelphia, having purchased ten thousand acres of land in the western territory. He was boasting a great deal of his purchase, and happened to ask an old Quaker which was the way to his estates?—"Right through that gate, Friend," said the Quaker, "that's the way to thy settlement." "Why," replied the other, "that's the workhouse."—"Thou art right, Friend," replied the Quaker; and sure enough, the poor fellow found a home in that very house in less than twelve months after!

America.

THE following is a very droll specimen of Yankee wit:

TO BE SOLD BY
NICHOLAS BRANCH,
At his *Refectory*, west-end of the bridge, Providence,
SOLID ARGUMENTS,
CONSISTING OF
Bread, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs, Salmon, Neats Tongues, Oysters, &c. ready cooked.

AGITATIONS.
Cyder, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, Sweet Oil, &c.

GRIEVANCES.
Pepper, Sauce, Mustard, Black Pepper, Cayenne, &c.

PUNISHMENTS.
Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Bitters, Porter, &c.

SUPERFLUITIES.
Snuff, Tobacco, and Sugar.

N. B. Any of the above articles to be exchanged for

NECESSARIES, viz.
French Crowns, Spanish Dollars, Pistareens, Cents, Mills, or Bank Bills

CREDIT GIVEN FOR
PAYMENTS,
30, 60, and 90 Seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

RUDIMENTS, Gratis, viz.

Those indebted for	*Arguments*
Must not be	*Agitated*,
Nor think it a	*Grievance*,
If they should meet	*Punishment*
For calling for such	*Superfluities*,
And supposing it not	*Necessary*
To make immediate	*Payment*.

Boxing Match.

IN addition to the statement in page 142, we have to mention that Mr. Cullington, of Tottenham-court, was stake-holder to Gamble and Belcher, and also stake-holder for the majority of the adventurers in the ring, paying to several claimants in the field of battle on December 22, sums to the amount of 700l. He paid also in the evening to Dr. Moore, who advanced

advanced the fighting-money for Belcher, the victor, his demands, extending to nearly 1200l.

Among those in the ring were, Lord Say and Sele, Colonel Ogle, Colonel Montgomery, F. Reed, Esq. Captain B. Captain Dermond, Squire Mountain, Cullington and Lee (Umpires), Kelly of Lisle-street, and also stake-holder in the ring, Mr. Aldridge, jun.; also the following professors of the pugilistic art -- Jackson, Bark, Paddington Jones (who lately fought Belcher), Brown, Bell, Whitecombe, Gibbon, &c. &c.

The following statement of the winnings is circulated among the knowing few.

Two Great Personages	£.3000
Lord Say and Sele	100
Lord F. -	500
Dr. Moore -	600
Captain Dermond	500
Lord Y. -	200
Mr. Mountain -	350
Mr. Brown -	500
Mr. Aldridge -	200
Mr. H. - -	300
The Pub. in St. Martin-street	200
Jackson -	100
Paddington Jones -	20
Small betts paid on the spot	800

Among the losers were, Mr. Kelly, of Lisle-street; a *green-grocer* of Covent-garden, to the amount of 70 guineas; a *rabbit-merchant* to the tune of 200, and most of the *rabbit-merchants* in London, who on that day ceased crying "*Rabbits*," but *cried loudly* for their *loss*, as they were *all broke!*

On Sunday morning a desperate battle was fought in the fields near Hoxton, between two *ass-keepers*; who, if they did not display much skill, shewed an equal degree of obstinacy, and *amused* a very *respectable assembly* for upwards of an hour, when victory declared itself in favour of the *least* of them, and he was conducted from the field on his own ass, with every mark of honour; while his unfortunate competitor, like blind Belisarius of old, was left, almost alone, to grope his way to the first public-house he could find.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a subscriber to your Magazine, and knowing that all sports (the turf and chase in particular) are enlarged upon in your publication, I shall take it as a particular favour if you will, in the next Number, insert "The Laws relative to Coursing." My reason for writing to you is to oblige a friend of mine, who has made several matches with a favourite young greyhound, which are to be run in January. If you should not be able to gratify me by acceding to my request, I shall take it as a favour if you will publish this letter in the next Number, (making any alterations or additions which you may deem necessary) and perhaps some person will be so kind to answer it in a future Number.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, very truly,

ACTÆON.

THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

THE Christmas holidays were preceded here, as usual, by a new pantomime, intitled *Harlequin Amulet*, of which we understand Mr. Johnson is the inventor.

It opens with a well-executed view of a subterraneous temple, where several Welch Bards had taken refuge from their persecutors, having

Howitt i. et e.

Wild Cat and Spaniels.

Published Jan. 1, 1801, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

having been informed that *Morcar*, the evil genius of their race, had medidated their destruction. *Morcar* is seen through an aperture in the rock; the affrighted bards disperse, except the Chief, who, prostrating himself, invokes the aid of his patron. The storm that raged abates, a beautiful rainbow appears, and *Iris*, descending on the arch alights on the stage, and promises aid to him who shall venture to pursue her enemies. *Iris* then waves her scarf, a bright cloud appears, and *Harlequin* descends to the earth, accompanied by his attendant *Punch*. *Iris* gives a talisman to *Harlequin*, and informs him that *Columbine*, on beholding him, will quit her father's mansion, and follow his fortunes.

Morcar is apprised of the approach of *Harlequin*. He lights his wand with magic fire, which *Harlequin* soon extinguishes. *Punch* now discovers armour for his master—a fantastical figure drops from his sleeve, illuminated with rays of blue flame, while snakes twine round *Punch*, which are soon subdued by the talisman of *Harlequin*. *Pantaloon* next introduces *Punch* to *Columbine*, who becomes enamoured of his master's mistress—the perseverance of *Punch*, and the consequent defeats he endures from *Harlequin*, gives rise to much pantomimic merriment, which ends in the penitence of *Punch* and his master's forgiveness. *Columbine* being again at large, flies with *Harlequin* to a fisherman's cottage, and reward their host; who, in return, provides them with a vessel to make their escape. The departure of the lovers furnishes an opportunity for a most beautiful view of the sea.—*Pantaloon* and his associates pursue the lovers, but fail in navigating their vessel, in consequence of the magic power of *Harlequin*. He next strikes a rock, a light-house springs out at the top, and they gain the shore.

Harlequin and *Columbine* are still closely pursued. He waves his wand, two beautiful figures rise out of another rock, which as soon as *Pantaloon* and his party approach, the latter become petrified. They are, however, released by *Morcar*. The piece then proceeds with the usual gambols of *Harlequin*, and the waggeries of *Punch*, with which are blended many striking and picturesque views of Wales, Castles, Sea Prospects, &c. *Harlequin* is again in jeopardy, but is released by the genius of the *Talisman*, who is discovered seated on a cloud, with a rainbow at a distance, and the enemies of the lovers are finally subdued.

The last scene represents a Gothic Hall, admirably well designed, and correctly executed. It is enriched with wreaths of laurels, banners, trophies, statues; the latter, by the magic of the *Talisman*, descend from their pedestal, and perform a warlike dance. The distance then opens, and discovers a correct and interesting view of London, St. Paul's, Carleton-House, &c. A brilliant rainbow appears. A grand procession enters in celebration of St. David's Day. *Harlequin* and *Columbine* are united, and the piece concludes.

The construction of this piece differs in some respects from the usual stile. There are very few metamorphoses, the variety and ingenuity of which generally constitute the leading feature. The artist has substituted in their room an immensity of scenes richly and beautifully coloured. The rapidity with which they succeed each other, some in motion scarcely affording time for the eye to rest upon them, assist very much the bustle and activity of the piece; but, owing to the great complexity of the

mechanism,

mechanism, there were a few interruptions in the performance.—This seemed to be the principal cause of a slight degree of disapprobation which marked the conclusion. There were also some parts, particularly the two Colossal figures, which produced a very indifferent effect. There was also a further variety in the introduction of several songs, among which Mrs. Mountain was best intitled to praise. The music, though not new, was very lively and pleasing.

COVENT GARDEN.

After the play of *Jane Shore*, a new pantomime was brought forward, entitled *Harlequin's Tour*, or the *Dominion of Fancy*. The scenery presented a great variety of picturesque views, faithfully and beautifully delineated. Among the principal are Margate, Dandelion, Charing Cross, Scarborough, Ulswater Lake, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Weymouth, and many others of fashionable resort.

The air-built palace of Fancy in the first scene, and the pavilion of the same Goddess at the conclusion, are not surpassed by any specimens of scenic magnificence which we have ever witnessed.—The most prominent of the mechanical metamorphoses are, a Doctor's Shop Window into his Chariot; a pair of Lamps into two Chinese Giants; a Milliner's House into a Caravan of Wild Beasts; a Military Target into an emblem of the Union; two Spruce Beer Bottles into a Mop and a Pistol; a Sign-post into a House; a Washing-tub into an old Woman; a Chest of Tea into a Pump.

The overture and most of the music are Moorhead's, the remainder Atwood's.

The Pantomime is the production of T. Dibdin, and got up with great effect by Bologna, jun. The managers have been most profusely liberal in every instance of expensive dress, mechanism, scenery, and elegant decorations.

Although not one of the most lively pieces of this class, it went off with much applause, except in one or two passages; the omission of which, with a few other slight alterations, will render it perfectly unexceptionable.

A compliment was paid to the Union by the introduction of various emblems appopriate to that approaching event; and Mr. Denman came forward to give a song suited, we believe, to the occasion; but the audience passed a premature sentence upon it, and demanded a substitute.

Mrs. Mills was the *Columbine* of the night, and gave a new and successful proof of the versatility of her powers.

The following Inscription is literally taken from a Shew-Board in a Country Village in Yorkshire.

WRIGHTEN, and Readden and *Trew Spellen* and All Marchants Ackounts with dubble Entery

Post-skript Girls and Buoys Boarded and good Youzitch for Chillderen.

WILD CAT AND SPANIELS.

[*An Etching by Mr. Howit.*]

WE have not been furnished with any particulars of the subject of *The Wild Cat and Spaniels*, but presume the artist means no other sort of *Wild Cat*, than those that occasionally breed in woods; and are of the same species as the *House Cat*. Of this, however, we request information, that a more satisfactory account may be laid before our readers in some future Number.

HUMOURO[illegible]

HUMOROUS SUGGESTIONS OF MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PUNISHMENTS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE multiplication of penal statutes has given rise to many serious disquisitions on the wisdom of laws, their failure, and the difficulty of carrying them into execution; and some gentlemen of profound habits of thinking, have sunk so deep in this subject, as to assert, almost in plain terms, that penal laws are good for nothing, because crimes are as frequent after they have been enacted, as before. Others have inquired, and I confess with some propriety, into the right of any community to inflict the punishment of *death* upon its member; and, if I am not mistaken, this punishment is in America restricted to murderers of the worst class only.

Meditating upon these subjects a few nights ago, it occurred to me that the fault of our laws might perhaps consist in the punishments we inflict, not being properly proportioned to the crimes; or, in other words, that rogues have been far more fertile in devising new crimes, than honest men, or legislators (who, *ipso facto*, are honest men), have been ingenious in varying their means of punishment. To enumerate all the crimes for which the law ordains punishment, would require a much larger proportion of your Magazine, than you might be disposed to allow to such a purpose; but all the punishments in use may, I believe, be expressed in these few words, *death, banishment, imprisonment, whipping, pillory,* and *fines.* There are six punishments to at least six hundred species of crimes; and, by the bye, to save myself the trouble, I beg leave to refer the curious reader to Mr. Colquhoun's two volumes on the London and Marine Police, where he will find the *genera* and *species* of rogues classified in a truly Linnæan system, and often with Linnæan names.

Perhaps, therefore, I say, the failure of our penal laws may proceed from the want of connection between the crime and the punishment. But it is not my intention at present to attempt to establish this connection: I leave that to wiser heads, and proceed to inform you, that, in the course of my meditations aforesaid, I recollected a plan put into my hands some years ago, for "commuting all punishments for *operations* of *pharmacy* and *surgery.*" The worthy gentleman who proposed this scheme, had principally in his eye the frequency of executions, which he thought disgraceful to a country boasting its humanity; and his idea was, instead of hanging so many felons, to make them submit to certain experiments and operations in physic and surgery. Hereby, said he to me, with all the enthusiasm of a schemer, science will be promoted, as well as crimes punished, by rogues being obliged to submit to operations, which, I am sorry to say, we can scarcely persuade honest men to undergo, although their lives are in danger; and I know so much of these operations, that I will venture to say, that, if my scheme be adopted, felons will understand what it is to suffer the *pains* of law better than ever they did.

This plan of my learned friend, however, did not succeed at the time it was proposed, and I know not why; I am, however, hopeful that it may meet with a more gracious reception from the public at present, when the invention of *sub-*

stitutes is greatly the fashion, and when we have ingenious men who undertake to find *substitutes* for almost every necessary of life, from a *militia man* to a *joint of meat*. Now, as it is notorious, that the punishment of felons is very expensive to government, and as government, like all other well-regulated families, must be sensible of the hardness of the times, I flatter myself I am performing an acceptable service by proposing a cheap substitute for punishments.

It is almost needless to say, that the science of surgery is very much obstructed by the want of opportunities for operations and experiments, before the student arrives at actual practice upon his patients. It is a very awkward thing, and would be very shocking if it were known, that a surgeon should be able to say to a patient, "Sir, I am come to cut off your leg; but as this is the first time I ever performed the operation, you must excuse me, if I don't go through it as I could wish." This, Gentlemen, would surely be very shocking and very unsafe; whereas, it is obvious, that by the scheme I propose, at least twenty students may go through the whole series of operations in the course of one Old Bailey Sessions, greatly to their improvement, and to the furtherance of the law.

Another advantage would be, that, as the operations of surgery are very numerous, they might afford that variety of punishment, which seems very much wanted, in order to proportion punishments to crimes; and the antipathy of the lower classes to surgical operations is so strong, that I trust I need not expatiate on this as a powerful argument in favour of the scheme. The sight of a case of instruments would create more terror, than the sight of a cat-o-nine-tails, which I am told there are various ways to evade. For slight offences, or first offences, it may perhaps be necessary to order the felon to be put under the hands of an apothecary's boy for a week or fortnight. Crimes of the next degree of atrocity, might be punished by a gentle dislocation; as we rise higher in offence, we ascend through the various degrees of fractures, simple and compound, up to the trepan, or lithotomy.

Methinks I hear the Recorder passing sentence at the conclusion of an Old Bailey Sessions, in this manner:

"You, John Glim, have been found guilty of house-breaking: it only remains for me, that I pronounce the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from thence to Surgeon's-Hall, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the city of Westminster, and county of Middlesex, and there be cut for a *fistula*."

"You, Thomas Vagrant, have been found guilty of stealing privately. The sentence of the law is, that your right hand should be cut off; but the court, in consideration of your having a numerous family, whom you maintain by your profession as a ballad-singer, hath been pleased to remit that part of your sentence, and orders that you be *qualified for the Opera-House*."

This, Sir, would alter the face of things in Newgate; instead of rioting, drinking, and swearing, which are too much to be heard in all our jails, we should hear nothing but groans and screams, and the direful operation of boluses and juleps. The Newgate Calendar then would be a list of cases in surgery; and the keeper, if he found a prisoner refractory, might easily procure such advice from the first surgeon in the neighbourhood

es would effectually prevent his running away.

Upon highwaymen, footpads, and all such blood-thirsty fellows, I would have the various kinds of *styptics* tried; experiments might also be made with *gun-shot*-wounds, a species of retaliation, which would admirably serve the purposes of science and justice. As to crimes committed in a state of intoxication; for the lesser species, a course of quack medicines might probably be severe enough; but for the more atrocious, it would be absolutely necessary to punish by tapping. Not that I mean that the sentence of the judge should be definitive. Alleviating circumstances ought still to appeal to the fountain of mercy, and in cases where the jury strongly recommended to mercy, his Majesty would no doubt remit the *trocar*, or the *bistoury*, as might seem fit. Very heinous offences committed by females, might be punished by operations incident to the sex, such as experiments on the nervous system, on the tongue, &c. or perhaps the *Cæsarian operation* might be ordered in lieu of *hanging*; and, if we may believe some learned professional men, who have lately tried that operation, it would not amount to much more than a respite for a week!

As to petty offences, bleeding and tooth-drawing would in general be sufficient, and perhaps as good for the morals, as beating hemp and blaspheming; or the apothecaries might be permitted to try the effect of some new-invented medicine. I fancy I shall some day or other, read in the newspapers a paragraph like the following:

"Yesterday three men and a woman were brought before the Lord Mayor, for getting drunk, and making a riot in a public-house at unseasonable hours; but, on their making a handsome apology for their conduct, and promising to behave better in future, his Lordship was pleased to order, that each should take a box of Dr. Humbug's Cathartic pills, and be discharged."

In this plan, I humbly presume, it is very obvious that various persons would be gratified. Men of science would be undoubtedly pleased with so extensive a range of experimental practice; and I trust there is enough in the scheme to satisfy those, who think that our punishments are in general too lenient. Executioners and jailors may be bribed, and there are various ways of softening punishments ordered by the law; but the gentlemen to be employed upon my plan, would have too much interest in its success to be swayed by any considerations of another kind, or to be prevailed upon to lay down the knife or the lancet, before law and justice had been fully satisfied. Besides, should a greater degree of severity be contended for in the case of certain crimes, than an expert operator might inflict, we have bungling surgeons and blundering apothecaries enough, whose handy work and prescriptions would amount to the full rigour of the law; or the numerous tribe of advertising doctors might be employed, and I hope none will say, that the punishment in that case would not be perfectly adequate to the crime.

Having suggested these hints, Gentlemen, I leave them and the whole scheme to the consideration of your readers; I trust they will weigh it with impartiality, and determine whether it is or is not entitled to a preference over the present system. I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient,

A FRIEND TO JUSTICE AND SURGERY.

P. S. I have this moment read, that the Divorce Bill has been

 thrown

thrown out of the House of Commons. I am sorry for it. I think I could have recommended, in my plan, a trifling operation or two, which would have effectually prevented the increase of Divorces. *Sublata causa, tollitur effectus.*

June 13, 1800.

Norwegian Corps of Skaiters.

It is well known, that Norway is, during four or five months, covered with snow, which, at some distance from the sea-coast, is so deep, that it becomes impossible for the traveller to quit the beaten road either on horseback or on foot. Even the road itself must be new beaten after each new fall of snow; and that operation is performed by means of a machine somewhat resembling a plough, pointed before, and gradually widening behind, which, being drawn by horses, cuts its way through, and levels at the same time.

Notwithstanding the difficulties which the Norwegian winters thus naturally present, the chase has ever been a favourite exercise with the inhabitants of the country, which formerly abounded with fierce animals, besides deer and smaller game.

To make the most of the short days in that climate, by traversing the forests with increased celerity, the Norwegians devised the use of skaits, very different, however, from those which we use in our southern lands for the purposes of amusement.

The Norwegian skaits are a pair of boards, about four or five inches broad, from half an inch to an inch thick, slightly hollowed in the middle underneath, to prevent unsteadiness, and to advance in a straight line.—The board for the left foot is ten feet long, the other only about six. They are both bent a little upward at the extremities, but higher before than behind.—They are tied to the feet with thongs fastened in the middle, where they are left higher and thicker than in the other parts. The skait for the right foot is often underlaid with rein deer skin or seal skin, which glides very smoothly along when the skaiter moves forward in the direction agreeing with the grain of the hair, but which presents a resistance when he presses his foot in a backward direction, causing the hair to bristle.

It is an ascertained fact, that a good skaiter, when the snow is tolerably firm, can travel more rapidly over a level country, and continue his rapid march for a longer time, than the best horse trotting on the finest road.

If he has to descend a mountain, he moves with such impetuosity, that he is obliged to moderate his first effort in springing forward, lest he should lose his breath in the descent. He ascends more slowly, and not without some difficulty, because he is obliged to mount in a zig-zag direction. Nevertheless, he reaches the summit in as short a time as would suffice for the best foot-man. And if the snow has acquired any small degree of consistency, he never sinks into it.

Experience having proved, that in spite of the multiplied obstacles arising from the severity of the winter, Norway had been repeatedly attacked by the enemy, during that season—and this mode of performing long excursions being in general use among the inhabitants—it was natural that the idea should occur, of forming a military corps of skaiters.

Accordingly, such a plan has been adopted; and the corps, consisting of 960 men, is divided into two battalions, one for the northern part

part of the country, the other for the southern.

Their present uniform consists of a short green jacket, a grey surtout with a yellow cape, pantaloons, and a black leathern cap.

Their arms are a carbine hung with a sling, which passes over the shoulder, a broad cutlass, and a staff three yards and a half long, an inch and quarter thick, having at the end an iron point, and at some distance from the extremity, a circular piece of iron. The principal use is to check the excessive rapidity of the skaiter's motion in descending heights. On these occasions, he places it between his legs, drags it after him, or he drags it by his side. On other occasions, he makes use of it to push himself forward in ascending: in short, he variously employs it according to circumstances. This staff serves him also as a support for his carbine, when he wishes to fire a shot; though, indeed, the Norwegian peasants in general shoot very well without any such aid, and seldom miss their aim.

To the exercise of skaiting, this corps unites also that of the ordinary chasseurs, or light troops, of which it is to be considered as constituting a part: it performs all the same functions as they, nor differs from them except in the circumstance of marching on skaits, which gives it a great advantage over the others. The skaiters, moving with great agility, and being secured by depth of the snow from all pursuit, either by infantry or cavalry, may safely hover round a hostile army on its march, may watch all its motions, harrass and gall it on each side of the road, without incurring any danger. Even discharges of cannon would produce little effect on a number of skaiters scattered at two or three hundred yards distance from each other and whose movements besides are so rapid, that at the moment while the cannoneers fancy they still have them in sight, they have already vanished, to make their appearance anew when least expected.

If the enemy halt, that is the time when the skaiters enjoy their full superiority over them. Whatever precautions the hostile army may have adopted, they are momentarily exposed to the attacks of men, who do not stand in need of roads or paths, but indiscriminately traverse morasses, lakes, and rivers, provided that they only be covered with snow: even though the ice beneath should be too weak to bear either man or horse, the skaiter is safely wafted over it by the rapidity of his motion. Indeed, there is not any corps better calculated in the winter seasons for the service of reconnoitring, carrying intelligence respecting the enemy, or performing the office of couriers.

It may, however, be supposed, that they find a difficulty in turning round, on account of the great length of their skaits: but that is not the case. The skaiter draws back his right foot, to which is fastened the shorter skait, places it vertically to the left, then raises the left, and, placing it parallel to the right, he is turned. If he wishes to turn completely back, he has only to repeat the manœuvres.

In their ordinary winter exercises, the skaiters form themselves in three ranks, and three between the files; and, unless when they designedly scatter themselves, they exactly observe those distances, that they may not impede each other in the use of their skaits.—When they have occasion to fire, the middle and rear ranks advance close to the front; each file thus forming a little body apart.

The baggage and camp-equipage

page of this corps, is conveyed in sledges placed on the skaits. A single man easily draws one of these sledges by means of a leathern thong, which passes over his right shoulder, and crosses to his left side, like the sling for the carbine.

An improvement on this plan has been suggested—that of attaching to the corps a few pieces of light artillery, to be drawn upon skaits in the same manner as the baggage.

Upon the Abuse of Gaming.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Some recent instances in the fashionable world, of *Gaming*, having ended in distress and self-murder, and the too general prevalence of that abominable vice among the higher orders, induce me to request you to republish the following Extract from Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. The information it contains may deter some, and the justice of the learned author's reflections may reclaim others, from a pursuit which is equally inconsistent with their interest and their duty. A. B.

"Next to that of luxury, naturally follows the offence of *Gaming*, which is generally introduced to supply or retrieve the expences occasioned by the former: it being a kind of tacit confession, that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. But, taken in any light, it is an offence of the most alarming nature; tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft and debauchery, among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To restrain this pernicious vice among the inferior sort of people, the statute 33 Hen. VIII. cap. 9. was made; which prohibits to all, but gentlemen, the games of tennis, tables, cards, dice, bowls, and other unlawful diversions there specified, unless in the time of Christmas, under pecuniary pains, and imprisonment. And the same law, and also the statute 30 Geo. II. cap. 24, inflict pecuniary penalties, as well upon the master of any public-house wherein servants are permitted to game, as upon the servants themselves who are found gaming there. But this is not the principal ground of modern complaints: it is the gaming in high-life that demands the attention of the Magistrate;—a passion to which every valuable consideration is made a sacrifice, and which we seem to have inherited from our ancestors, the ancient Germans, whom Tacitus describes to have been bewitched with a spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment; with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stript of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty and their very selves. The loser goes into a a voluntary slavery; and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance, in so bad a cause, they call

call the point of honour: *ea est in re prava pervicaria, ipsi fidem vocant.*" —One would almost be tempted to think Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. When men are thus intoxicated with so frantic a spirit, laws will be of little avail; because the same false sense of honour, that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to the Magistrate. Yet it is proper that laws should be, and be known publicly, that gentlemen may consider what penalties they wilfully incur, and what a confidence they repose in sharpers; who, if successful in play, are certain to be paid with honour; or, if unsuccessful, have it in their power to be still greater gainers by informing: for, by the statute 16 Car. II. cap. 7. if any person, by playing or betting, shall lose more than 100l. at one time, he shall not be compellable to pay the same; and the winner shall forfeit treble the value, one moiety to the King, the other to the informer.—The statute 9 Anne, c. 14, enacts, that all bonds and other securities, given for money won at play, or money lent at the time to play withal, shall be utterly void; that all mortgages and incumbrances of lands, made upon the same consideration, shall be, and ensure to the use of the heir to the mortgager: that if any person at one time loses 10l. at play, he may sue the winner, and recover it back by action of debt at law; and in case the loser does not, any other person may sue the winner for treble the sum so lost; and the plaintiff, in either case, may examine the defendant himself, upon oath: and that, in any of these suits, no privilege of Parliament shall be allowed. The statute farther enacts, that if any person cheats at play, and at one time wins more than 10l. or any valuable thing, he may be indicted thereupon, and shall forfeit five times the value, shall be deemed infamous, and suffer such corporal punishment as in case of wilful perjury. By several statutes of the reign of King George II. all private lotteries by tickets, cards, or dice, (*and particularly the games of faro, basset, ace of hearts, hazard, passage, rolly-polly, and all other games with dice, except backgammon*) are prohibited, under a penalty of 200l. for him that shall erect such lotteries, and 50l. a time for the players. —Public lotteries, unless by authority of Parliament, and all manner of ingenious devices under the denomination of sales or otherwise, which in the end are equivalent to lotteries, were before prohibited by a great variety of statutes, under heavy pecuniary penalties. But particular descriptions will ever be lame and deficient, unless all games of mere chance are at once prohibited; the inventions of sharpers being swifter than the punishment of the law, which only hunts them from one device to another. The statute 13 Geo. II. cap. 19. to prevent the multiplicity of horse-races, another fund of gaming, directs that no plates or matches, under 50l. value, shall be run, upon penalty of 200l. to be paid by the owner of each horse running, and 100l. by such as advertise the plate. —By statute 18 Geo. II. cap. 34, the statute 9 Anne, is farther enforced, and some deficiencies supplied: the forfeitures of that Act may now be recovered in a Court of Equity; and, moreover, if any man be convicted, upon information or indictment, of winning or losing at any sitting 10l. or 20l. within twenty-four hours, he shall forfeit five times the sum.—Thus careful has the legislature been to prevent this destructive vice: which may shew

shew that our laws against Gaming are not so deficient, as ourselves and our Magistrates in putting those laws in execution."

Some Account of Jerusalem Whalley.

THOMAS WHALLEY, Esq. well known by the journey which he, eight or ten years ago, for a considerable wager, undertook to Jerusalem, and which has since obtained to him this appellation, was the son of a gentleman of very considerable property in the north of Ireland. His father, when advanced in years, married a lady much younger than himself, and left her a widow with seven children. Three years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Whalley married Mr. Richardson, a gentleman of respectable character in Gloucestershire, who is still living.

Thomas was the eldest son of Mr. Whalley, and had a property of 10,000l. per ann. left him by his father. At the age of sixteen he was sent to Paris, to learn the French language, and to accomplish himself in the arts of dancing, fencing, &c. He was placed under the care of a gentleman who had formerly been in the army; and who, having spent a good part of his life on the continent, was supposed to be a fit person to undertake the direction of young Whalley's studies. It soon, however, appeared that the tutor had not the ability to check the volatile disposition of his pupil: Mr. Whalley purchased horses and hounds, took a house in Paris, and another in the country, each of which was open for the reception of his friends. His finances, ample as they were, were found inadequate to the support of his extraordinary expences; and, with the hope of supplying his deficiencies, he had recourse to the gaming-table, which only encreased his embarrassments. In one night he lost upwards of 14,000l. The bill which he drew upon his banker, La Touche, in Dublin, for this sum, was sent back protested, and it became necessary for him to quit Paris. He returned to England, and his creditors (or rather the people who had swindled him out of this money) were glad to compound for half the sum.

After staying some time in London, he went back to Ireland, and took a house in Dublin, where he lived in the most expensive manner. Soon getting tired of the insipid sameness of the mode of life he was engaged in, he determined again to visit the continent. While he was still hesitating as to the exact place of destination, some friends, with whom he was dining, and who had heard that he was intending to go abroad, made inquiry of him whither he was going. He hastily answered, "To Jerusalem." Being convinced that he had no such intention, they offered to wager him any sum he did not go thither. Though, when he gave the answer to their enquiry, he had not the most distant idea of such an expedition, yet, stimulated by the offers made him, he accepted them to the amount of 15,000l. and on the following day he made preparations for his journey. He set out in a few days after he had made his engagements, accomplished the journey, and returned to Dublin within the time to which he was limited, claiming and receiving from his antagonists the reward of his unexpected exploits.

After staying some time in Dublin, he again went to Paris, and was witness to those very interesting scenes which occurred in the early part of the revolution in France. He staid in Paris till after the return of the King from Varennes;

rennes; and, when it became no longer safe for a subject of the King of Great Britain to remain in France, he returned to Ireland.—Soon afterwards he became connected with a young woman of amiable disposition, who lived with him till the time of her death; and by whom he had four children, three of whom have survived him.

Not having employment sufficient for his active mind, he came to England, and frequenting the fashionable gaming-houses in London, at Newmarket, Brighton, &c. he soon dissipated a large part of his remaining fortune. He then retired to the Isle of Man, where he employed himself in cultivating and improving an estate he possessed there, and in educating his children. He at the same time drew up Memoirs of his own Life, with a view to their publication, written for the express purpose of preventing other young men from being led into similar errors with himself; and containing some excellent reflections on the folly of the life he had led, and on the small share of happiness he had, with the ample means he possessed, produced to himself or to others.—On the death of the lady above-mentioned, he married the Hon. Miss Lawless, sister to the present Lord Cloncurry. He died lately at Knutsford, while upon a journey, in the 33d year of his age.

Theatricals in Edinburgh.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

GOOD news from a far country, they say, is always welcome; you will therefore accept the following account of the present improved state of our Theatre.

You must know, then, that on Saturday the 22d ult. I was present at the opening of our Theatre.—The company now introduced to us by the veteran manager, Mr. Jackson, in conjunction with Mr. Aicken, is very strong and respectable. The Theatre has been improved and embellished, in a style equally creditable to the taste and liberality of the Manager. The side-doors are removed from the Stage, and the space thrown into elegant boxes: the pit is enlarged, and the whole house beautified with considerable effect. The orchestra, under the management of Bird, is creditable to the Theatre. "*Speed the Plough,*" and "*The Citizen,*" were got up on the first night of representation. The merits of the Comedy it is not my intention to discuss: neither it, nor most of the other productions of our modern Dramatists, can be analysed by the established rules of the Drama. It is sufficient to the Manager that this piece is (as it will be during the continuance of the present taste) a favourite with the public; and, as such, he judged rightly in bringing it forward. My object, at present, is to give a few observations on the merits of the principal performers.

Grant is considerably improved since his last appearance on this Stage. He is accused of a servile imitation of a respectable actor. For this opinion I see no grounds, and may with more justice give this gentleman credit for close and successful application to improvement in his profession. His figure is rather diminutive, and his voice limited; his action is, however, chaste and correct, and his articulation distinct. Low comedy I conceive to be the line best adapted to Mr. Grant's talents: in the higher walks, however, he is by no means contemptible. Little energy can be shown by the actor in the part

of *Sir Philip Blandford*, except in the last scene, where the emotions of horror and remorse were depicted with considerable feeling. Mr. Grant supported the part of *Young Philpot* with great spirit; and displayed, in *Lessardo*, last night, in "*The Wonder*," a talent for broad humour that justifies the opinion I have expressed.

Mr. Toms performed *Henry*.—This character is, like the former, excessively insipid, the last scene excepted, in which Mr. Toms's powers were disclosed. He displayed great spirit and feeling in his expressions of indignation at the supposed crime of *Sir Philip*, and of love towards his beauteous daughter.

Mr. Young was deservedly applauded in *Young Handy*. He looks this character better than Macready, and does not suffer by a comparison with that favourite actor in other respects. He might make more of the unfortunate Ploughing-match, but spoke the soliloquy in the fifth act with feeling and judgment. Mr Young was also very successful in *Don Felix* last night, and promises to be an acquisition.

Mr. Rock's acting is "above all praise." I make no hesitation in pronouncing this deservedly popular performer one of the best Comedians on the British Stage. He was loudly welcomed by the audience, and played the parts of *Sir Abel Handy* and *Old Philpot* with inimitable humour. During his extravagant joy at parting with *Lady Handy*, the House was convulsed with laughter and applause.

I had not the pleasure of seeing Miss Walstein in *The Fair Penitent*, and consequently lost the only opportunity that has yet occurred of appreciating this lady's abilities. The part of *Miss Blandford* excites no interest, and affords no scope for the powers of a first-rate actress, which Miss Walstein is, and I doubt not justly, reported to be. She is one of the finest Stage figures I have seen, and is generally considered to bear a strong resemblance to Mrs. Siddons.—But, of this lady, who occupies a prominent situation in our company, I shall embrace the first opportunity to form such a judgment as I may venture to communicate.

Miss Duncan, from the York Theatre, has experienced a very flattering reception in the several parts attempted by her. She possesses an elegant person, a beautiful and expressive countenance, and a melodious rather than powerful voice. Her *Maria* was sprightly and interesting, and bears a strong resemblance to the acting of Mrs. Jordan. This lady exerts too much vivacity, even in those parts where most of it is required; and the *pruriency* of her acting is its only fault. The truth of this observation was strongly exemplified in her performance of *Nell*, in *The Devil to Pay*. Neither the *romp* nor the *ideot* are the features of this character, but a rustic simplicity, arising not from stupidity but from ignorance.—I have a high opinion of Miss Duncan's powers, and am prompted, by a wish to see them always exercised with judgment, to make this observation.

The inferior parts were performed, without any remarkable faults, by Mr. and Mrs. Turpin, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. Hallion, &c. of each of whom I shall speak on a future occasion.

On the whole, the company is excellent, and more numerous than any we have had for several years past.

past. The Managers deserve more than "empty praise" for their arrangements, and I have no doubt will be amply rewarded. Several additions and alterations are wanting in the scenery.

I cannot close without reprobating, in the strongest terms, those *critics*, as they are called, on the performers and performances at the Theatre, which have been of late with great industry obtruded on the public. It is absurd to expect that any company whatever should be composed entirely of first-rate Players; and it is not to negligence or inaccuracy that these authors confine their invectives, but every Player is damned that is not absolutely perfect in every thing. A real lover of the Drama, desirous to see the Edinburgh Theatre on a respectable footing, would not, by these assassinations of character, attempt to deprive the industrious Actor of that encouragement and applause by which he is stimulated to fresh exertion, and modest merit is seen and rewarded—by which his abilities are gradually expanded, till, nursed by public favour and support, he becomes an ornament to his profession.

> "These critics of the stage,
> Who, like barbarians, spare nor sex nor age,"

would do much injury to our dramatic amusement, were not their writings so glaringly malicious as entirely to defeat their purpose, and so deficient in justice and true criticism as to have no weight with any discerning person.

> "Those censors in the pit,
> Who think good-nature shews a want of wit.
> Such malice! O, what muse can undergo it!
> *To save themselves*, they always damn the poet."

TERRACE, Nov. 28. VERUS.

NEW PANTOMIME!

THIS bastard species of theatrical amusement has been criticised by our Dramatic Censors perhaps too severely, as being incapable of gratifying tastes superior to those of Tradesfolks, Aldermen, Common-Councilmen, or children in the holidays. Exhibitions of this nature ought not, however, to be condemned *in toto*. There are a few that merit exemption from so general a censure; such, for instance, are those in which an interesting story may be expressed and understood by action only; and among this kind may be reckoned the Pantomime of "*Robinson Crusoe*." But that sort deserves the highest praise, which, to a story deeply interesting, adds the most wonderful feats of action, the most ingenious machinery, and the sublimest scenery. Of this last and most perfect species of Pantomime we never had it in our power to notice an example, before the present famous piece, intituled

HARLEQUIN IN ITALY;

OR,

A FLIGHT O'ER THE ALPS.

We proceed to give our readers a brief sketch of the plot, characters, and scenery, of this extraordinary representation. To impress a just idea of the merits and celebrity of the respective performers, collected as they have been from every nation in Europe, it is only necessary to present the following role of the *Dramatis Personæ*:

Harlequin, by —	Prestissimo Bonaparte.
The Magician, by	Le Pere See-Eyes.
Sempervivo, Harlequin's Friend	Signor Messino.
Columbine's Father,	M. La Revolutionaire.
Columbine's Suitor,	The Baron Franciscus.
Pantaloon, —	Count Paulo Pugivitz.
Scaramouch, —	The Chev. Swallowall.

The Clown, by the famous —	Sieur Pitto.
Punchinello (Clown's Man) —	Mister M'Dunderas.
Columbine, by the celebrated —	Donna Victoria.

This Pantomime, at the opening, does not very materially differ from others. *Columbine,* wearied with the importunities of suitors, of whose addresses, notwithstanding the imperious commands of her father, she cannot approve, chooses for herself, in the excursions of fancy, an imaginary lover, with whom she becomes enamoured, even before he has existence. The *Magician,* knowing the state of her mind by his art magic, waves his wand, calls up his Familiars, and gives birth to a *Harlequin* exactly suited to her inclinations.—Here a variety of scenes are exhibited, *en Ombres Chinoises,* before the actual developement of the Drama. By these *Harlequin* is understood to have obtained a temporary possession of *Columbine.* The fair fugitive becomes wanton and capricious, and longs for a *Mamlouck;* upon which *Harlequin* begins his feats and adventures.—*Harlequin* performs his first spring from the feet of the Alps to the island of Malta, and from the island of Malta to the land of Egyt. This amazing jump reminds the classical reader of the hop, step, and leap, that *Neptune* makes, in the *Illiad,* from *Samothracia* to *Troy.*

"From realm to realm, three ample strides he took."

Harlequin's adventures in Egypt form a brilliant display of scenery and machinery. There, like his predecessor, *St. George,* he encounters several terrible Saracens, and sundry fiery Dragons. The *Clown,* however, (who, as in other Pantomimes, is the head and soul of *Harlequin's* enemies and pursuers) finds a way, some how or other, *haud passibus equis,* to come up with him; upon which the *Clown,* who is himself a Conjurer, and very clever withal, brings forward a trained Crocodile, which he sets at *Harlequin,* exactly as a Butcher sets his dog at a bull. The monster is then seen to open his enormous jaws, to make a snap at *Harlequin,* and, in fine, to swallow him up at a mouthful. The *Clown* then turns about to the audience and laughs, and all the audience laugh with him.—Poor *Harlequin* being thus disposed of, to all appearance for ever, the scene changes to the Alps, and exhibits *Columbine's* adventures in the absence of *Harlequin.* There she is several times entrapped by the *Lover* she detests; but, by the assistance of *Harlequin's* sprightly friend, *Sempervivo,* she contrives to escape. The *Lover,* finding himself likely to be foiled, calls in *Pantaloon,* and his man, *Scaramouch,* to his assistance. *Pantaloon* makes his *debut,* mounted on a pair of stilts (concealed by his long pantaloons) in order to appear grand. *Scaramouch,* however, is a much more formidable personage: he is furnished with an immensely fierce pair of mustachoes, and flourishes in either hand a huge carving knife and fork, with which he threatens to cut up, and eat, all the little children he can meet with. *Sempervivo,* no ways intimidated, performs a thousand astonishing capers: he skips about from Alp to Alp, like a Shamoy goat, and exceeds *Harlequin* himself in some of his vaulting: in fine, he rescues *Columbine* from *Pantaloon,* sends him off with a flea in his ear, shaves the whiskers of *Scaramouch,* and drives him blubbering after his master. At last, the *Clown* and the *Lover* lay their heads together: by the assistance of a black Knight, they once more recover

recover *Columbine*, and shut up *Semperviro* in an enchanted castle — Here, then, the audience are led to suppose that the piece must conclude, and that *Columbine* will be compelled to marry the lover of her father's choice. But now comes the *denouement* of the plot, which strikingly evinces the superior excellence of this Pantomime above every other; inasmuch as supernatural or miraculous methods are never employed, until nothing can be effected by ordinary means: the contriver thereby strictly adhering to the precept of Horace,

> " Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

The stage represents a scene at once beautiful and sublime—of the Alpine Coast of the Mediterranean. Enter the *Magician* from between two rocks, *solus*, and in all his awful paraphernalia; his *San-Bonito* cap on his head; his white wand in his hand; his sable robes, and his venerable beard " streaming like a meteor in the troubled air." He waves his wand over the sea, and begins his magical incantations; when, behold! an immense and terrific sea-monster is seen swimming towards him. In short, this monster proves so be the identical crocodile that had swallowed up *Harlequin* in Egypt; and he now vomits him up, safe and sound, on the shore.—After all, this surprizing incident does not shock probability very much. We have the best precedent for it in *Jonah* and the *Whale*. By the bye, it might have been a crocodile, and not a whale, that was concerned in the affair of *Jonah*. The text simply mentions " a great fish;" but of what *genus*, commentators have not yet been able to agree. *Harlequin* (like a fly escaped from a cobweb) having cleared himself from the gastric juice of the crocodile, prepares to take " flight o'er the Alp," to recover *Columbine*, and to release his friend *Semperviro* from the enchanted castle.—Here the scenery of the piece produces the most awful and interesting effect. *Harlequin* is seen, sometimes gliding like a meteor among the glaciers, sometimes ascending the snowy pinnacles of the mountains, and sometimes opening for himself a passage through the perpendicular rocks of granite by a stroke of his sword. In fine, he arrives at the scene of action in less time than would be required circumstantially to describe the journey. He now becomes invincible. He completely baffles the black Knight, the Lover, the Clown, and the Clown's Man, releases his friend *Semperviro* from the enchanted Castle, and carries off *Columbine* in triumph.

Such is the general outline of this celebrated Pantomime, in which, however, many subordinate characters and interesting episodes are introduced; but these could not be conveniently noticed without breaking the thread of the narrative.

In this piece, the contrast of characters, and the whimsicality of situations, are very remarkable.—In other Pantomimes, the Actor who plays the part of the *Clown* is generally equal, if not superior, in agility to the *Harlequin*; because, to perform these practical blunders, it requires more real address than the feats of mere activity. But the source of amusement, in this piece, arises from the downright and sincere attempts of the *Clown* to rival the gambols of *Harlequin*, the said *Clown* being crippled with the gout. For instance, when *Harlequin* takes his surprizing leap across the Mediterranean, the *Clown*, in imitation, attempts a running leap over a ditch, but not knowing his ground he

he sinks up to his neck in a bog-hole, in which he would have been infallibly smothered, if *Harlequin* had not run to his assistance, and dragged him out in a curious pickle. At another time, when *Harlequin* jumps on the top of the Alps, the *Clown* essays to leap out of a ferry-boat on a rock; he jumps short, however, and breaks his nose and shins. But if the *Clown* be aukward on land, he is wonderfully active on water: put him in a wherry, with a sculler in each hand, and he'll shoot the falls of Niagara.

There is one remarkable droll incident in this Entertainment:—*Harlequin*, at one time, wishing to accommodate differences, sends his proposals to the *Clown* on two scrolls of *papyrus*, by way of compliment. The *Clown*, however, to shew his contempt, converts them to a very *curious* kind of use. Afterwards, *Harlequin* gets possession of the two scrolls, plentifully bedaubed, and makes the *Clown* eat them.—This laughable circumstance, notwithstanding, appears to have been borrowed either from the choleric *Flewellin* making ancient *Pistol* eat up the leek, in *Henry the Fifth*, or from the Sieur *Folliot's* swallowing the enormous carrots, which so much delighted the galleries, in *Harlequin and Oberon*.

Punchinello is a very amusing personage. There is a strain of shrewdness in all his blunders; and, as your dramatic *Drawcansirs* "Out-Herod Herod," so *Punchinello* out-clowns the *Clown*.

We regret to notice, that this Pantomime is likely to have but a short run. The principal Performer has so well succeeded, that, like his predecessor, Rich, he is about to turn Manager: and the other Performers, though excellent in their way, are all in embarrassed circumstances; so much so, that some of them must be contented to take refuge in the *Fleet*.

Curious Abstracts,

From Original Wills, proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

WILLIAM Williams, late of the island of Jamaica, Esq. deceased, proved Oct. 21, 1768. "I give and bequeath to that most abandoned, wicked, vile detestable rogue and impostor, who has assumed, and now does, or lately did go, by the name of —— ——, pretending to be a son of mine, one shilling only, to buy him a halter wherewith to hang himself, being what he hath for a long, a very long while past, deserved from the law and hands of the hangman, for his great and manifold villanies."

John Goss, late of the city of Bristol, mariner, deceased, proved, May 19, 1796; "My executrix to pay out of the first monies collected unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her as a token of my love, that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them, than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

Stephen Church, late of the parish of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, lighterman, deceased, proved, Nov. 5, 1793: "I give and devise to my son —— ——, only one shilling, and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he steals."

John Davis, late of Clapham, Surrey, woollen-manufacturer, deceased, proved, Jan. 24, 1788. "I give and bequeath to Mary ——(daughter of Peter Delaporte,) the sum of five shillings, which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk with, for the last time at my expence; and I give the like sum of five

five shillings to Charles Peter (the son of the said Mary,) who I am reputed to be the father of, but never had, nor never shall have any reason so to believe."

William Woddeson, late of Harlington, Middlesex, deceased, proved, Oct. 27, 1786. "*Item.* I commit my body to the earth, to be buried in a plain coffin, to be drawn, if not inconvenient, on my own one-horse chaise to the church, and then to be carried on the shoulders of six poor men, without any pall, or any funeral pomp whatsoever; and I order, that the said poor men be paid two shillings and sixpence each for their trouble. *Item.* I desire my corpse to be dressed in my last new shirt, and muslin neckcloth and nightcap, and my plaid night-gown, and my old rusty sword, which always lay by my bedside, in my right hand, and my Latin Testament in my left hand, and my little pillow in the pillow-case under my head."

Magnificent Ruins *in* Egypt.

Extract of a Letter from Citizen Descotils.

Citizen Denon shewed us the numerous collections of drawings which he had made in his excursion. Those of Denderah strongly increased the desire, which we previously entertained of seeing these superb remains of the Egyptian arts. To gratify our curiosity, we had only to go about three-quarters of a league on the other side of the river. We repaired thither as soon as we procured an escort. We had formed a grand idea of those ruins; but their magnificence infinitely exceeded our expectations. The ruins of Denderah consist of three temples, and three detached gates; the grand temples, which is the most engaging, and in the best state of preservation, is 81 metres long, and very nearly 36 broad. It consists of two parts; the outer is a portico supported by 24 columns, which are ranged six in front and four in depth: the columns are nearly seventeen metres in height, and two in diameter above the capitals; they are conical; the pedestal is a cylinder of a larger diameter than the base of a column. Above are two thin pediments, the lower of which projects a few centimetres beyond the upper, which is of a cubical form, and having its four vertical faces covered with basso relievos. The second part of the temple, which is inferior in height and extent to the portico, contains several apartments communicating with each other, and lighted only by very narrow loopholes. Above these are several closets, which, with the complete building of the two other temples, and the three gates, are covered with hieroglyphics and figures. The most remarkable parts of the hieroglyphics, almost all of which project from their ground, are two zodiacs, one of which is sculptured on one of the upper closets, and the other on the cieling of the portico. The first is a circular belt, filled with figures of men, the inferior animals, &c. among which may be successively distinguished, a ram, a bull, two men close to each other, a crab-fish, a lion, a husbandman holding an ear of corn, a balance, a scorpion; a two-winged centaur with a sort of mitre on his head, and in the act of shooting an arrow from a bow of the same form, as those still sold in Cairo; an animal with the head of a he-goat and the body of a fish, a man having a vase in each hand, from which he pours out water, which is represented by zig-zag lines; this figure resembles that under

under which the sign Aquarius is still exhibited—and two fishes joined by the tails with a piece of ribbon: the other figures in the belt are, for the most part, studded round with stars, disposed in various orders. Around the circle are twelve figures, which seem to support this sort of celestial Atlas. The grand zodiac is disposed in perpendicular bands, and in the same order as the former: the lion holds the first place on the right, and is followed by five of the signs. The six others are on the left, and exhibit nothing striking, except with respect to the position of Cancer, which is placed a little above the feet of a singular figure, the body of which embraces the six signs on the right: the feet, the head, and hands of this figure, are wanting, but the rest of the body is seen, and it presents the same zig-zag which indicates water: the sun is placed close by the side of Cancer. This hieroglyphic seems to have some reference to the inundation of the Nile. These signs do not stand alone in the zone which surrounds them; there are many of the figures surrounded with stars, which are doubtless constellations. These objects give us a high opinion of the astronomical science of the Egyptians, and augment our regret for the loss of the hieroglyphic language. I do not think that a more extensive repertory can be any where found of it than at Denderah. All the walls, the cielings, the columns of the three temples, and the three gates, are covered with figures and hieroglyphics, frequently two or three centimetres only in height. The surface occupied with sculpture may, without exaggeration, be estimated at twelve thousand square metres: many of the figures have been destroyed with the chizzel. There is not a single figure on the capitals in an entire state; those on the walls have been to a great height destroyed with the same industry. Designs on the walls, similar to those which we sometimes meet with in France, representing men with crosses in their hands, induce the supposition that it is to Christian fanaticism, we have to ascribe the mutilation of one of the finest monuments in the world. The figures which have escaped destruction, give us very high proofs of the talents of the artists. They contain many architectural ornaments, which were copied by the Greeks, such as the mascaron, palm-leaf, and that which has since been denominated the Grecian volute.

A Philosophical *and* Practical Treatise *on* Horses, *and on the* Moral Duties *of* Man *towards the* Brute Creation.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

Upon Improvements in the Art of Shoeing Cart-Horses.

(Concluded from page 80.)

THE form of the shoe must exactly correspond with the outline of the foot, and ever be made thickest externally at the rim, and gradually thinner internally next the horse's sole, a form directly opposite to the common concave shoe; this will leave just room enough (and there ought to be no more) between the edge of the shoe and the sole, for the introduction of the pecker, which is used to remove small stones and gravel accidentally lodged. Mr. Clarke says, he has frequently observed a swelling of the legs immediately above the hoofs, attended with

with great pain and inflammation, and a discharge of thin ichorous and fœtid matter, which he attributed to the compression made upon the internal parts of the feet, by the common concave, long, and heavy shoes; and that from the same cause chiefly proceed most of the diseases of the feet, founder, hoof-binding, narrow heels, foul thrushes, bleime, high soles, and the like. I have been long convinced of the truth of this observation.

As to the disposition of the nail-holes, every farrier knows, that in the fore-feet, the toe is thickest and strongest; in the hinder feet, the heels; according to the French proverb, quoted by Blundeville, *devant derrier, derrier devant*—before behind, behind before.

There is a complaint of very ancient standing, against smiths, for needlessly multiplying nail-holes, and making their nails too large; by which the crust is so torn, as scarce to leave sound space to drive a nail. It is the case, even now, with many of our country shoers, who are not satisfied unless they *skewer* on the shoes.—Old Blundeville's directions herein are not amiss, who says, The nail-heads should be square, and not so broad beneath as above, but answerable to the pierced holes, which they should fill; and above which they should not appear more than the thickness of the back of a knife.—The shanks of the nails to be somewhat flat, stiffer towards the head than below, and the points sharp, without hollowness or flaw. —As to the number of nails in a shoe, the following table is according to the direction of Professor Saint Bel:

For Race-horses, six—three on each side.
— Hacks, Hunters, &c. seven; four on the outside, and three within; the inside quarter being weakest.
For Mail-coachers, Post-horses, &c. same number.
— large Horses, four on each side.
— heavy Cart-horses, five on each side.

Solleysel says, that common smiths, in order to prevent pricking the horse with their large nails, pierce the shoe too near the edge, which practice, in time, ruins the foot.

The shoe being fast nailed, the less there remains to be rasped the better; and that instrument should only be used as high as the rivets, but never above them, because, in the first place, it is unnecessary, and because the surface of the hoof is much injured, and disposed to dry, by being rasped. Farthermore, a heavy and careless hand is extremely apt to touch with the tool the origin of the nail, just beneath the coronet, where it is extremely sensible; the consequence of which is a small wound or bruise, ending frequently in a sand-crack.

Every foot should be kept as short at the toe as is consistent with the safety of the crust, and the proper shape of the foot. My Lord Pembroke's rule is, to cut the toe square, and afterwards round off the angles; and Laurentius Russius, who wrote some centuries before the noble Earl, says, that a short toe, and a narrow, light and straight shoe, make a large and strong hoof, and a firm leg. In taking down the toe, Solleysel forbids the use of the buttress, directing it to be done with a paring-knife after the shoe is fixed, which is to be purposely set back as far as necessary. This, he says, will occasion a derivation of nourishment backward towards the heels, and in time greatly strengthen and enlarge them; which salutary consequence is, indeed, well known to us. If the rasp is at all used in this

this business, it ought to be confined to the toe, and laid on in such wise as to render it as thick as possible, in tender-footed horses.

The only advantageous method that I could ever discover, of shoeing deep strong feet with *contracted narrow heels*, is that of La Fosse, with the half-moon shoes; the crust being previously taken down, as before directed. The horse being presumed already lame, will travel very little more so from his quarters being exposed; and, as being totally unfit, at any rate, for expeditious riding, a little tenderness and flinching may well be borne in a slow pace, since the short shoes will be daily contributing towards his cure, whilst large, hollow, and long ones, would only be aggravating the disease. The smiths render these feet finally useless, by rasping them and paring the soles, under pretence of giving them ease, which, in fact, causes them to dry and contract still more: the only means whence they can possibly get ease is, by the expansion of the quarters, to be attained from the animal's weight borne upon them; the frog also, which appears dried and shrunk up, will expand and increase in bulk from the same cause. Some feet of this description will be thus rendered good, and the remedy is pleasant, from being void of trouble or expence; but if the horn be of a certain peculiar hard and faulty contexture, or the bones and internal processes of the feet materially damaged, which will be discovered after a few times shoeing with the short shoes, all remedies hitherto proposed, from the days of Solleysel (the grand empiric for feet) to the present, are worse than the disease.

For the FLAT FOOT, the author just mentioned advises the following treatment:—Forge a shoe as straight as possible from the toe to the spunges, that is to say, not so circular as usual, with holes pierced very near the edge: after this shoe is nailed fast, there should be about half an inch of horn left to be cut with the knife from the toe, and in proportion round the sides. The shoe is, on no account, to be made concave next the foot, although it may rather touch the sole, but to be hammered hollow externally. The horse may be expected to flinch a little, from the shoe setting somewhat upon the sole; but beware he be not pricked. Every time of change, the shoes are to be made still straighter at the toe, which is to be kept short, but not at the quarters; and in three or four times changing, the author promises an amendment in the shape of the feet. I have never experienced this, nor have I much opinion of its utility, or of any measures tending to throw nature out of her destined course by violence. A foot naturally flat and thin, will be so still, or rendered worse by forcible attempts at amendment.—The only practice to be depended upon, I believe, in this case, is to keep the toe as short as possible, never to diminish the substance of the crust, sole, or binders, and to shoe always in bars, making use of the smallest nails. Our modern English bar-shoe is a judicious improvement of the ancient *planche*, or pancelet, of which Blundeville and others had so high an opinion, for strengthening and giving substance to weak feet. The late Doctor Snape, farrier to his Majesty, had a very ingenious hand at forging this kind of shoe, as I have often experienced.

Joint-shoes for all feet, vaulted shoes for promiced or convex soles, patten-shoes, lunettes, or half-moons, thick at heel, those with a button or

shouldering

shouldering on the inside, to stand clear of a false quarter, and those formed thickest on the inside, to prevent interfering, are very ancient inventions, and sufficiently known to farriers.

I have said, that interfering is usually occasioned by a preternatural turn or twist of the pastern joint, which gives the toe an oblique direction, either inward or outward; or, perhaps, the defect may not lie in the lower, but in the upper extremity of the leg: in this case, it ought to be considered, that those measures of shoeing, the aim of which is to give the foot a straight position upon the ground, must at the same time inevitably expose the ligaments to unusual straining; the consequences of which may be much worse than those of cutting or knocking.—Here follow, however, the best direction for shoeing a horse which interferes.

A careful farrier always examines and notes which branch of the old shoe is most worn, and acts accordingly. When the toe is turned outward, the stress lies chiefly upon the inward quarter; of course, the inward quarter must be left untouched, and the thickness of the shoe on that side increased, the external branch of the shoe being made thin, and that quarter of the hoof also reduced in proportion. The whole operation ought to be performed to such a nicety, that the foot may bear equally upon all parts of its circumference. To amend this position, farriers have formerly made the inner branch of the shoe excessive thick, and even raised it upon cramps; which must always have very ill consequences, particularly as the horse interferes with the heel, and the mischief is done with the foot lifted up; whence it follows, that the forced straight position on the ground is at last of no consequence to the main end.

When the horse is pigeon-toed, that is, turns his toes inwards, the mode of shoeing usually adopted is just the reverse of the above. After all, if any good can possibly be done in these cases, it must be from leaving nothing on the inner side, with which a horse can strike himself; but, with this view, an injudicious operator frequently reduces the hoof till it is irrecoverably weakened, the horse has an uneven position upon the ground, and still interferes.

For HAMMER AND PINCHERS, or over-reaching, short fore-shoes, and a reduction of the toes of the hinder-feet, is the method directed; after which, and supposing the horse can go with his quarters exposed, he will most probably still strike his fore-heels with what you have left of his hinder toes.

I have never seen, nor indeed at all considered, the form of the ox's shoe, so am unable to judge of the propriety of the following methods given by Saint Bel:—The ox is either shod with a flat plate of iron, having six or seven nail-holes on the outer edge, accompanied with a projection of four or five inches of iron at the toe, which, passing the cleft of the foot, is bent over the hoof; or with eight shoes, one under each nail; otherwise with four, one under each external nail; or only two, one under the external nail of each fore-foot.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR correspondent NIMROD is mistaken about the pedigree of Warter. I have copied it from Mr. Wetherby's Stud-Book, and sent it you. If you think it,

with his performances, worth inserting, you will oblige,

R. B.

Grantham, Dec. 5, 1800.

PEDIGREE OF WARTER.

WARTER was bred by the late Sir Joseph Pennington, Bart. of Warter-Hall, Pocklington, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1794. He was got by King Fergus: his dam (the dam of Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, &c.) by Highflyer; his grand-dam, Platina, (the dam of Pavia, Magdalena, Recruit, Cavendish, Tom Tring, Hautboy, &c. and sister to Gnaw-post) by Snap; her dam (Miss Cranbourne) by the Godolphin Arabian, out of Miss Western by Sedbury; her dam, Mother Western, (the grand-dam of Eclipse) by Smith's Son of Snake, Montagu, Hautboy, and Brimmer.

HIS PERFORMANCES.

WARTER, when two years old, was sold by Mrs. Pennington to Gilbert Crompton, Esq. of Nunmonkton, near Boroughtnor, Yorkshire; and at three years old (1797) at York Spring Meeting, he won a sweepstakes of 20 guineas each, for three-year olds, colts 8st. fillies 7st. 12lb. last Mile-and-Half, (6 subscribers) beating Mr. G. Compton's Telegraph (afterwards Mr. Wentworth's Tartar) and Mr. Fenton's Dapple.—7 to 4 on Telegraph; 2 to 1 against Dapple; and 3 to 1 against Warter.

At Doncaster, Warter won 100l. in specie: for three-year olds, 7st. 5lb. and four-year olds, 8st. 7lb.; maiden colts allowed 2lb. and maiden fillies 3lb.; a winner of any subscription or sweepstakes carrying 4lb. extra; two-mile heats; beating, at six heats, the following horses:

Mr. G. Crompton's bay c. Warter, by K. Fergus, 3 yrs old - -	5	0	3	1	0	1
Sir C. Turner's ch. c. Pepperpot, 4 yrs old - -	3	0	1	5	0	2
Sir F. Standish's br. c. Stamford, 3 yrs old - -	1	3	6	2	dr.	
Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Cardinal, 4 yrs old - -	2	5	2	3	dr.	
Lord A. Hamilton's b. c. by Trumpator, 4 yrs old -	7	4	4	4	dr.	
Mr. T. Hutchinson's br. c. Hipswell, 3 yrs old -	6	6	3	dr.		
Mr. Sitwell's ch. c. Commodore, 3 yrs old -	4	dr				

5 to 2 agt Stamford, 3 to 1 agt Cardinal, and 5 to 1 agt Warter.

After the different heats, the bets varied very much.

In 1798, at Preston, Mr. G. Crompton's Warter, 4 yrs old, won 50l. for 3 yrs old 7st. 2lb. and 4 yrs old 8st. 4lb. (a winner that year carrying 3lb extra, and for winning two, or more, 5lb. extra) beating, at two heats, Sir R. Winn's bay filly by Phenomenon, out of Ann of the Forest, 3 yrs old: Lord Derby's ch. colt by Diomed, and Lord Darlington's Ratz, 4 yrs old. —The same meeting he won 50l. for all ages, at four heats, each heat four miles, carrying 7st. 3lb. beating Sir H. T. Vane's Patriot, aged, 8st. 10lb. and Mr. Harrison's Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.

At Doncaster, Warter won 50l. carrying 8st. 5lb. beating extremely easy, at two heats, three miles each, Sir R. Winn's bay filly by Phenomenon, 3 yrs old, 5st. and Mr. Artley's Duchess, 3 yrs old, 5st. 4lb.—10 to 1, and after the

the first heat 20 to 1, on Warter. He was then sold to J. Heathcote, Esq.

In 1799, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he won the Main of the Oatlands Stakes, of 100 gs each, D. I. (four subscribers) carrying 8st. beating

Mr. Turner's Oscar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. - - - 2
Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. - - 3
4 to 1 agt Warter.

At Stamford, carrying 8st. 7lb. he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, and 80 guineas in specie, beating Crusade, Telegraph, and L'Abbe, all 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. each, four miles.—Even betting on Warter.

At Oxford, he won 50l. carrying 8st. 7lb. beating, at two 3-mile heats, Mr. Lade's grey horse Will, 6 yrs old, 9st.

At Burford, he walked over for the King's Plate of 100 gs, for 5 yr olds, 9st. each, 3-mile heats.

At Litchfield, he won the King's 100 gs, for 5 yr olds, 8st. 7lb. each, 3-mile heats, beating, at two heats, Mr. Bailey's Conon, Lord Sackville's Magic, and Lord Donegal's bay colt by Pot8os, out of Trifle, 4 yrs old.—7 to 4; after the heat, 4 to 1 on Warter.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, Mr. Heathcote's Warter, carrying 8st. 5lb. won 50 gs, B. C. beating Mr. Durand's Johnny, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. and Mr. Hallett's Stickler, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.—6 to 4 on Warter.

In 1800.—On Monday, in the First Spring Meeting, Mr. Heathcote's Warter, 6 yrs old, received forfeit from Mr. Cookson's Ambrosio, aged, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 500 gs each, h. ft.

On Monday in the Second Spring Meeting, Warter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. received forfeit from Mr. Cassans's ch. horse Spoliator, aged, 8st. two middle miles of B. C. 200 gs each, h. ft.

In 1800.—At Newmarket Craven Meeting, on Monday, Mr. Heathcote's Warter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. agt Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 4 yrs old, 8st. two middle miles of B. C. for 1000 gs each, h. ft.

In July Meeting, on Monday, Mr Heathcote's Warter, 8st. agt Major Rooke's Jack Andrews, 6st. 13lb. both aged, first three miles of B. C. for 200 gs each, h. ft.

Swiftean Advice to the Collegians of Dublin.

HAVING been educated in this University, and having been a scholar of that house, are the reasons why I address myself to you, Gentlemen, as you are best known to me; but what I have to say to you will equally apply to the *sages* of Oxford and Cambridge, with this difference, that after you have obtained your situations by long reading and a hard examination, you think yourselves intitled to great indulgence, consequently you sit down, "like the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf," thinking, in your own opinion, that you have acquired the *ne plus ultra* of learning, the very *acme* of perfection; your learned brethren in England, obtaining their fellowships much easier, and not having received that *crop-full* surfeit that you have, and not being so much of that *jovial, warm, amorous, toping* disposition as you, they generally creep on, like Shakspeare's school-boy, "like a snail, unwillingly to school," and publish something to benefit society. But when you obtain your

Junior

Junior Fellowship, for all other academic honours follow of course, as "day the night," you become new men, you have your heads sufficiently crammed with Greek, Latin, and Logic; and, as this is the only learning requisite, together with a smattering of that *elegant*, *polite*, and *accomplished* language which is spoken by the *Old Clothes Men in Rag Fair*, you have nothing more to do but retail it out at your quarterly examinations, to the great astonishment of the *Gibs* and *Freshmen*, who look upon every thing you utter as delivered by the *Oracle of Apollo*. Be sure you teach your pupils enough of Greek and Latin; nay, more than enough; the living languages are nothing to the dead, and, as you have learned nothing else yourself, it could not be expected you would teach them any other. Logic you must not forget; you know how necessary it is to prove that *two contradictories cannot be true*; *that a man is not an ass*; *that the inferences of one is the negation of the other*; *that a man can laugh and an ass cannot*; and such other *learned* and *necessary* questions, which have occupied *philosophers* ever since the time of Socrates and Aristotle to the present day. As for *German*, *French*, *Italian*, &c. you have *nominal* professors of them; and that is enough; and though one might as well send a *goose* from *Dover* to *Calais* as you, still you may keep at home and live well, for which purpose you are learned enough; and notwithstanding your ignorance of the French, you can tell *good claret from bad*, as well as if you spoke the language equal to Voltaire, Montesquieu, or Rousseau. At the quarterly examinations, if you have any spite to any of the Students for *not taking off his cap to you*, or for *throwing any thing at you at dinner*, or such like offence, you have a fine opportunity to be revenged: put some of your *jaw-breaking questions* to him, which you are sure he cannot answer; you will thus pass him off as a great blockhead, write to his father, and should he be one of your public pupils, you may get him as a private one, with something snug for imparting to him some of your *great learning*. Be sure in all your studies, not to forget your devotions to the bottle: you know Horace was a great poet and a great drinker, so was Aristotle, who drank till he fell down dead, because he could not find out the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; and should the like befall you, it will be attributed to abstruse study. Having no more time at present you will excuse me until some future occasion, when you, perhaps, may hear farther from me. I am, learned Gentleman, truly yours,

ACADEMICUS.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Court of King's Bench, December 4.

CRIM. CON.

HOARE, ESQ. *v.* ALLEN, ESQ.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife; and the damages were laid at Twenty Thousand Pounds.

Mr. Erskine, as Counsel for the plaintiff, commented by soliciting that attention from the jury which their sense of justice, and the melancholy history he had to unfold, demanded. Before he proceeded to observe either generally, or with reference to this cause, he would adopt that course which had characterised his professional life. He was of opinion, and ever should be, there was something which peculiarly distinguished these causes, and

and that the damages a jury ought to give the injured party, depended on his sense of the injury; it was therefore the duty of a husband, when he presented himself before a Court, to have nothing to conceal, but to come forth in the face of God and his country; and if there were any circumstances from which his adversary might hope for a mitigation of damages, not to impose the proof of them upon that adversary, but to give them at once to the Court. Having premised thus much, he stated that the plaintiff, Mr. Hoare, a gentleman of fortune, character, and respectability, in the year 1787 married Miss Elizabeth Cook, a niece of Major Cook's. She was a lady, who, at her marriage, was without fortune, but possessed of unspotted morals; her mind was pure, her manners amiable, and her person beautiful; the disparity of their ages was inconsiderable — she was twenty-three, and the plaintiff a few years older. In April 1790, he was appointed Paymaster-General of the British forces in India, and went over to that country, taking his lady with him. There he became acquainted with the defendant, who was then a Captain, but had since been advanced, by his merits, to the rank of Major. He should not prove to the jury the obligations the defendant owed to the plaintiff, nor how he had conducted himself towards him and his family; the defendant should speak for himself, and in the terms in which he had pleaded his own cause before the injured husband. In 1793, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare returned to England, and that the jury might form an idea of the intimacy and strict friendship between them, he should shew them the letters transmitted by the defendant to the plaintiff in England. In the year 1800 Major Allen returned to this country, the whole period between that time and the plaintiff's previous departure from India having been filled up with a correspondence, in which the friendship of the defendant appeared to have been identified with the mutual affection of the plaintiff and his lady. He apprehended that honourable and moral men could entertain no suspicion of the intention of the defendant, during that period, to dishonour his friend. It was not his purpose to say when the unhappy connection took place — but he was to maintain this, that if any case deserved more the consideration of a jury in point of damages, it was one in which the injury a husband received in the dishonour of his wife was aggravated by its having been committed under the mask of friendship. No man could deny the power of beauty; but Heaven had wisely placed guards in the breast of man to operate against the effects of his passions, and prevent their destroying the peace and becoming the source of misery to others. Next to the prohibition of incestuous intercourse, stood the obligations of friendship, which dictated to a man to suppress and nip his rising passions in the bud, when the object of them was the wife of his friend. Were it otherwise, what misery would pervade social life? A man who was married could not contemplate his friend, seated at his hospitable board, without suspecting he was carrying on a secret correspondence to seduce his wife. It was a duty imposed by the laws of religion and morality, for a man to resist temptation, and it was not to be endured that any one should say he had been drawn in by the confidence of friendship to gratify his passions, at the expence of his friend's peace. When the defendant returned to England, the plaintiff invited him to visit him at his house

house at Twyford Lodge, in Hants; but his visits had not long continued, ere he observed a coolness in the behaviour of his wife towards him; he was conscious he had not deserved the change. What then must have been his feelings, when this beautiful woman, in whose society he had traversed the globe, and explored the remote corners of the earth, no longer return his affection? What must have been the torture that rent his soul, when addressing her in the language of the most tender love, and asking her whether her behaviour was ever to be thus? she replied—"Yes! I can no longer attempt to conceal from you that I have fixed my affections on Major Allen." He recoiled, and was at a loss to know in what manner to act with a woman who was capable of making such a declaration. Upon expressing that concern and resentment he must naturally be supposed to have felt upon such an occasion, she took out a bottle of laudanum, which she held towards him, threatening to destroy her life; she declared her resolution not to live, at the same time appealing to Heaven that she never had dishonoured his bed; that her affection was an affection of the mind; and that she had resolved, if God would give her strength, to tear it from her breast, and atone by her future conduct. This communication Mrs. Hoare, no doubt, told afterwards to the defendant, who had written a letter, which the plaintiff had received notice to produce. He was not bound to do so, but, as he wished to keep nothing back, he would produce it. At this time the defendant was on a visit at the plaintiff's at Twyford Lodge; he left the letter the morning of his departure; it was dated midnight, and was partly to this effect:—"that it was the first time he had ever sat down to write to the plaintiff except with pleasure, and God knew how much pain he felt at that moment: that the plaintiff could not be ignorant Mrs. Hoare had acquainted him with what she had communicated to the plaintiff; that he would not be so ungenerous as to add to his feelings if he could avoid it; that it would have been happy if they had never known each other, for that soon after Mrs. Hoare saw him, she conceived an attachment, which, pleased with her preference, he did not discourage; that unfortunately they were thrown too much in each other's way in India, but that he had never harboured a thought towards her he need to have been ashamed of communicating to her husband; that, after their departure, he had retained his friendship and affection for both of them, that, after his arrival in England, many weeks had elapsed before he came to the Plaintiff's house, notwithstanding the most pressing invitations; that judging from Mrs Hoare's letters she was unhappy, he had thereupon visited her; that he was concerned to find she still preserved her affection, and equally so to perceive her declining health, while he was conscious he was the innocent cause; that it was to be lamented she had ever come to his mother's, where they had but too many opportunities of being with each other. The letter added, that although he would not use any means to persuade her to leave her husband's house, yet, if she should take that step, he should think himself bound, by every principle of love and honour, to make her happy."—Still, observed Mr. Erskine, the Defendant had an opportunity of redeeming himself; he had never touched the person of the lady—he might have endeavoured to have rooted out her passion, and to have persuaded

persuaded her to return with chearfulness to the society of her husband, who would have forgotten and forgiven her unhappy lapse. She soon after did leave her husband's house, and threw herself into the arms of the defendant, and their platonic passion was converted into enjoyment. Mr. Erskine having pronounced a beautiful eulogium on the institute of marriage, and addressed the jury upon the subject of damages, which, he conceived, whatever might be their amount, would inadequately compensate for the injury, proceeded to call evidence.

The marriage was proved to have taken place at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, in the year 1787.

William Cook, Esq. Sir Henry Mildmay, Sir Thomas Musgrave, and the Rev. Mr. Newbold, bore testimony of the harmony and affection that ever appeared to have subsisted between Mr. and Mrs. Hoare; they stated, Mr. Allen frequently had visited at Twyford Lodge, but that there was nothing in his conduct calculated to excite alarm: he frequently drove Mrs. Hoare out in his curricle.

The letters referred to by Mr. Erskine were proved, and read in evidence.

Miles Wallace, waiter at the Ship inn, Dover, said, that on Saturday the 18th of October last, two Ladies and a Gentleman came to his master's in the evening, and continued there the whole night, and for several nights afterwards; the Gentleman passed for Major Allen, and the Lady with whom he slept for his wife; they went away on the 23d, and returned again on the 27th.

Sophia Golding, the maid at the Ship, remembered the Gentleman and two Ladies coming to the inn. She took tea up to the Lady and Gentleman next morning; they were in bed.

George Graham, butler to Mr. Hoare, said, he was sent to Dover to identify Major Allen and Mrs. Hoare; they were the persons mentioned by the last witnesses.

Cross-examined by Mr Garrow.

Had lived two years with Mr. Hoare, at Twyford Lodge; was there on the 10th of October last; when Mrs. Hoare went away; Major Allen had been some time at the Lodge; he had left it four days on the Sunday. On the Tuesday after his departure, Mr. Charles Hoare, the plaintiff's brother arrived, and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hoare; the witness waited at table, but did not recollect Mr. Charles Hoare presenting the Lady with a glass of wine, and using this remarkable expression, "When shall we three meet again?" He remembered a Mr. John Clarke calling the day before Mrs. Hoare left the house, and believed he went away on horseback. Mrs. Hoare quitted the Lodge before six in the morning in a post-chaise; he did not know whether the chaise had been brought from Winchester by Mr. Clarke's servant. Mr. Hoare and his brother were up; they breakfasted together, and accompanied her to the chaise. Mr. Hoare himself handed her in, and took an affectionate leave of her; she was attended by her maid; he did not know where the chaise was ordered to drive, but had had no reason to expect she was not to return; she had a trunk with her; her maid had been busy the day before getting her things ready. Mr. and Mrs. Hoare had passed the preceding day amicably, and had slept together. He did not observe any thing remarkable on the Sunday when Major Allen went away; the evening before his

his mistress and the Major had retired from the tea-table to the drawing-room, and passed a considerable time in conversation.

Re-examined by Mr. Erskine.

He never saw any thing that generated the least suspicion of the catastrophe; he supposed, when his mistress went away, she was going to her uncle's, Major Cook's; the whole family thought the same.

—— Hall, Mrs. Hoare's waiting-maid, said, she had lived seven years in the family. On the 10th of October last, at five in the morning, they left Twyford Lodge in a chaise; she thought they were going to Enfield, to Major Cook's; when they came to London, they proceeded to a hotel in the west end of the town, and arrived there about three in the afternoon. Major Allen came in about half an hour, dined, and staid till ten o'clock. The witness asked her mistress's leave to go and see her friends, and during her absence she left the hotel. Major Allen came in a post-chaise, and took the witness to Acton, telling her on the way, that Mrs. Hoare was at his mother's house; she asked him for an explanation, for things had a very odd appearance; he said her mistress would give her an explanation. When they reached his mother's at Acton, he told the witness, as she supposed, by Mrs. Hoare's desire, that an attachment had for some time subsisted between them, and that she had left her husband's house, never to return. The witness expressed her regret, and declined remaining any longer with her mistress. She returned to Twyford Lodge. On her cross-examination she said, Major Cook had a house in Ormond-street. It appeared the Major was at that time confined by the gout, and had received no information of a visit from his niece.

Mr. Clarke, brother-in-law to Sir Henry Mildmay, was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Hoare in India; he never knew man and wife live on better terms; it was on the 8th October last he first knew of her attachment to Major Allen; he was sent for by Mr. Hoare, and found him in the deepest distress; he went by his desire to Mrs. Hoare; she was walking about the room, apparently in the greatest agitation; he remained about two hours at the house; a servant and horse were sent for him, and he understood the same servant was to order a post-chaise.

It was admitted that the defendant was a man of fortune.

Mr. Law commenced by saying, that his learned friend had most honourably and ably conducted the present cause—no observation had escaped him, yet he had not exaggerated in one iota, the affliction of the respectable person for whom he stood forward the advocate; indeed his affliction, he had no doubt, was incapable of exaggeration. The law was watchful to protect the rights of husbands, but it was not watchful to protect those who owed their misfortune to their own negligence, or inattention. If the jury would carry back their minds to that period when the seeds of this calamity were ready to burst forth, they would perceive how easy they might have been destroyed, had the plaintiff displayed that manly firmness which it was incumbent on him to have shewn; he was himself answerable for the consequences of his infatuated wife's conduct; had he done that which, as an affectionate husband, jealous of his honour, he was called upon to do, this day would not have been

been occupied in unfolding the miseries of his unfortunate house. He had received from the defendant, Major Allen, a correct and candid representation of the antecedent conduct of his wife; had he, upon receiving that intimation, consulted the dictates of prudence—had he interfered, not with rigour or by harsh coercion, but had he used only common prudence, means might have been used by the friends of the lady, she might have had time to have recovered from that delirium of passion by which she was hurried away, and then what ruin and misery to all parties might have been prevented! The defendant was a gentleman, who had the advantage of one of the most prepossessing figures nature ever bestowed; his character the breath of calumny had never dared to sully, and his manners were characterised by extreme delicacy. Upon his arrival in England he was concerned to find that, after a separation of seven years, the same passion was lurking in the breast of Mrs. Hoare; he abstained from visiting her; it would have been betraying the cause of his absence had he resisted the pressing invitations he received. He visited the lady, found her health declining, and knew himself to be the cause. After such a scene as that in which Mrs. Hoare presented the laudanum, had taken place, what should Mr. Hoare have done? and what did Major Allen do? The latter had not departed by secret night—he had not left the house of his friend till he had apprised him of his danger, and called upon him to avert it. Had the husband acted as a wise and firm man ought to have done? Was a curricle a place in which he ought to have allowed his wife to sit in close and dangerous contact with her lover? Knowing that a man was within his walls who was the object of his wife's infuriated passion, he should have followed the communication of that passion by an immediate admonition to the defendant to depart; after his departure, and when he had collected his friends about him, should he not have checked her in quitting his house? By not doing so he had acceded to the act of separation, and it was an admitted proposition of law, that where an husband voluntarily parted with his wife for any adultery, afterwards he had no right to damages. Could there be any doubt of what was in agitation after that melancholy and ill-omened toast drank by Mr. Charles Hoare? Why did he suffer her to leave his house in a hired post-chaise at five o'clock in the morning in the month of October? Had she really been going to her uncle's, would he not have sent her in his own carriage? would he not have dispatched his brother with her, and under his protection have delivered her safe and immaculate into her uncle's hand? Besides, would he not have written to Major Cook to insure her reception? Under such circumstances, no husband had ever presented himself in a Court of Justice and obtained damages. If the plaintiff had not thought proper to have confined his wife to her house, at least he need not have found wings for her flight; he could not but know, after what had passed, she would hasten to the arms of the defendant. He had abandoned his rights, thrown her on the world at large, and for what had happened in consequence of his own ill-advised conduct, the defendant stood before the jury more an object of pity than of censure.

Lord Kenyon spoke to the following effect:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, I cannot say that I am prepared to follow the learned

Gentleman who has addressed you, on behalf of the defendant, in the observations with which he closed his otherwise very proper, and certainly, most able address to you. I am not prepared to be the panegyrist of Major Allen; but we are here enquiring into the right which the plaintiff, in this cause, has to ask for damages at your hands. I am afraid we are in a condition, state, and temper of society, which in many respects forbodes ill; whether any clouds are hanging over this kingdom, I will not presume to say, but if our moral and religious duties are neglected, punishment must fall, and fall heavily some day on us; and certain it is, that great is our neglect of many of our moral and religious duties, and perhaps the most melancholy part will be, that we shall find men, within and without doors, of certain well-known character and condition, vibrating between two extremes of opinion, of what our moral and religious duties are. I think it is happy for those, whose minds have taken up early habits which prepare them for their journey through life, to pursue a conduct founded on our moral and religious duties, such as by the laws of God and man, we are commanded to observe. If other doctrines meet with advocates any where, such advocates, whoever they may be, appear to be the worst enemies of mankind pests of society, and a disgrace to human nature. But every person who comes here before us, has a right to have his cause fully discussed, to have every thing urged, *pro* and *con*, and to have the case completely sifted. An opinion which took possession of my mind some time ago, in the progress of this cause, I took care not to utter, and one good has resulted, to myself at least, by my observing silence, since it has enabled me to employ those faculties of mind, which God has been pleased to bestow upon me, in reviewing that opinion as the case proceeded. I have done so; I have looked at it, and examined that opinion, over and over again; and, by the best use I have been able to make of my understanding, I have not found it possible to change that opinion. When the learned counsel for the plaintiff opened the case, it came before us with great strength, feeling, and effect; such, indeed, as must be the effect of so much eloquence; it laid strong hold of my mind, and up to a certain stage, the evidence tended to confirm that effect, and my opinion then was, that the damages could not be too large; but we should examine the case to the end of it; and the material questions for you to ask yourselves are, Who the person who complains is? What his conduct has been? What are the circumstances of his case who calls for damages at your hands? I wish to speak tenderly of Mr. Hoare; I feel for him in his unhappy situation. I believe him to be a virtuous and an honourable, but mistaken man. The cases which have been alluded to by the learned Counsel for the defendant, were all decided upon the broad principles of common sense and plain justice. The first of them, however, had a different determination from the rest; it was the case of Theophilus Cibber, against, I think, Colonel Sloper, for criminal conversation with his wife, and upon that action, it appeared that the plaintiff had procured two pillows, and laid them on the bed where he knew the parties were going.—It was tried, I believe, before Lord Mansfield, and he, we all know, was a great ornament of our profession, he thought that a case for the smallest damages;

damages; he did not think the evidence took from under the plaintiff his very ground of action. He was taken by surprise; it was indeed extraordinary that a mind so illuminated as his should be taken by surprise at any thing, but so it was; but from that time the point has been uniformly settled, that the party himself, complaining, may either, by misguided judgment or other means and conduct towards his wife, take away his own right of action. I have certainly so held, but my opinion I should not think worth quoting, if other Judges had not confirmed it, and therefore I may quote that opinion. I held that opinion in the case of the Duke of Hamilton at the suit of a Mr. Esten, and I do not find that any body has reprobated that opinion, which was, when the parties had separated by mutual consent, the action for subsequent adultery would not lie. How stands this case? We see that down to the month of October last, however, this unfortunate lady may have been fascinated by the sight of the defendant, it stands confessed by both parties there was no ground for the present action. But at that time we find the lady determined to leave her husband, communicates this to her husband; communicates it also to Major Allen, the defendant; he again communicates the same thing to the plaintiff, and upon that occasion he writes a letter to the plaintiff, which has been read to you, and which I will not read over again, the substance of it I take to amount to this: "I have not dishonoured you, I have an affection for you, I am sorry to find your wife's affection alienated from you, but by no fault of mine, for I give you my honour I have not disgraced you to this moment; but if she should separate from you, and be cast upon the world, and deserted, I feel myself bound in honour to receive her." I will not stop here to discuss the principles of honour here laid down; I hope my principles of religion, the sense I have of what I owe to Society, and my neighbour; but above all, of my duty to my God, would have taught me, I could learn no useful lesson in this School of modern Honour. But to return to the facts here: the Lady lives with her husband after these communications were made to him, both by her and by the defendant; she sits at the head of the table doing the honours of it in the usual way; she partakes of the same bed with him, and the domestics observe no alteration in either of them, every thing seems to go on in the usual train the day before she departs; it is true, Mr. Clark, the plaintiff's friend, finds both of them in great agitation, but that is a species of evidence which could not be allowed to be pursued. What then ought to have been the conduct of Mr. Hoare in this case?—Not to have allowed his wife to go out of his house, when he could not but know that the place of her destination was the house of the defendant, and could be no other, for the defendant told him she would lose the countenance of the world; and if she came away from the plaintiff, the defendant must receive and protect her. This the plaintiff had notice of four days before his wife's departure. The morning comes, a chaise is ordered, the plaintiff gets up at five in the morning of the 6th of October before day light; he and his brother, Mr. Charles Hoare, breakfast with this lady, and when she is about to depart, the plaintiff himself hands her into the chaise!——O! but she was then thought to be going to her uncle, Major Cook! Was the uncle prepared to receive her?

her? Nothing like it; for the uncle had heard nothing of the business. To whom then was this lady to go? No man upon earth could form any other conclusion, than that she must be going to the defendant. I will not add affliction to affliction. I will not bruize the broken reed. In a word, it is my opinion, that Mr. Hoare does not come here in the situation of a person, who has a right to a verdict, because she was not seduced from him, but he has suffered her to quit him, he knowing whither she was going; he has acted under some misguided judgment, by some means or other; he has contributed, I will not say to his disgrace, but his own misfortune. I cannot, however, do otherwise than reprobate the conduct of Mr. Allen. I should desert a main part of my duty, as a Judge, if I were to assent to any panegyric on him, I think his conduct unjustifiable. I know reports are going forth among some persons in this country, of my sentiments being too rigid on these subjects. I do my duty, God knows, without great abilities, but as well as I can, and I must not be deterred from doing so by any consideration on earth. I think that on this case, thus disclosed, the plaintiff is not entitled to a verdict." —Verdict for the Defendant.

Crim. Con.

Guildhall, Dec. 18.

Sittings before Mr. Justice Le Blanc, and a Special Jury of Merchants.

DUCKWORTH *v.* BOTT.

Mr. Wood opened the pleadings, from which it appeared, that this was an action for criminal conversation with the Plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Erskine, in the course of an eloquent speech, stated to the Jury, that his client, Mr. Duckworth, was an eminent attorney in the northern parts of this island, residing at Manchester; a man, he understood, of irreproachable character, greatly esteemed, not only in his profession, but in his neighbourhood, and a man of considerable property. He had been married to this wife many years, and had by her, living, three daughters and two sons, and no man living could have conducted himself more honourably in every thing that was connected with his domestic character and life.—He had been a most indulgent husband, and an honourable parent, attending assiduously to the education of his offspring; the defendant was a dentist, resident at Nottingham, but occasionally going to remoter parts of the country, in the exercise of his profession. He paid a visit to Manchester, where he was introduced to the Plaintiff, and employed in the way of his profession by him, and who also recommended him to his acquaintance. The recommendation of Mr. Duckworth, was most undoubtedly valuable to a person of that description, from the character he had long sustained in the neighbourhood, and from his acquaintance being almost universal. The Plaintiff, in order to shew his indulgence to his wife, and also to the Defendant, who was then in the exercise of his profession, had disbursed 150l. so that it was not at all wonderful that Mr. Bott had frequently described the Plaintiff, Mr. Duckworth, as his best friend. Mr. Bott was only introduced into the Plaintiff's family, in consequence of Mrs. Duckworth having bad teeth, which had been neglected in her youth, and required a great deal of care and attention; it was necessary also to have a number of artificial teeth

made

made for her. He not only attended the Plaintiff's lady in the character of his profession, but as his appearance was that of a plain, fair, and candid man, and perhaps his religious persuasions which contributed to give him the air and character of simplicity, (he being a Quaker), tended to impose on Mr. Duckworth. He was therefore received in the double character of a person exercising his profession, and also in the character of a friend. This lady had been married ten years, and had five children as before stated, now living, and four that had been still-born. This Defendant also was a married man, and had a family of children. The Counsel adverted next to the principle on which actions of this sort ought to be tried, and to the nature of the evidence which he should be able to produce in this case. It was only circumstantial evidence, but not the less convincing on that account. Where a great variety of circumstances went all to prove the same point, it infallibly produced conviction on the mind. The Defendant had conducted his criminal intercourse with the Plaintiff's wife with so much address, that he never suspected her, till the lady herself, in a fit of despondency, revealed it to him: and from that time he no longer cohabited with her. The Gentlemen of the Jury after hearing all the evidence, would give to the Plaintiff such damages as they thought the justice of the case required.

Mr. Robinson was the first witness called on the part of the Plaintiff. He said, he was present at Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth's marriage, which was on the 25th of July, 1784. He knew Mr. Duckworth intimately, and had seen the manner in which he had conducted himself towards his lady: he had uniformly behaved to her as a kind, generous husband. On cross-examination, he thought Mrs. Duckworth might be about 44 or 45, and Mr. Duckworth about 40.

The next witness was John Wade, who said, he was at present in the Plaintiff's service, in the character of a groom: he had lived with him near six years. He recollected having seen Mr. Bott, the defendant, at his master's country-house, at Broomhill, about three miles and a half from Manchester: his master was then from home. He recollected a towel being put up across a parlour-window, to prevent any body who was walking on foot from observing any thing that passed in the parlour. He once passed that window on horseback, and could see over the towel: he observed Mr Bott and Mrs. Duckworth sitting together; he had his right hand round her neck, and was giving her a kiss. The witness looked at her, and she at him; her face was red, and she seemed to be very much *flurried*. This was in September or October, 1799; he was performing no operation on her teeth at that time; he had no instrument with him.

Mary Elliott was next examined. She said she had lived about twelve months in the Plaintiff's service, and had left it about two years and a half ago: during the time she lived with the Plaintiff, she recollected that Mr. Bott was twice there, and the first time he was there, her master was in London. From something that passed in the morning of the day, when Mr. Bott came to the house, she knew Mrs. Duckworth expected him: there was no other company in the house when he was there: she did not hear any thing that passed between them; they conducted themselves to each other like two lovers very freely. At that time there was no

other servant at all in the house but her: Mr. Bott slept there that night; Mr. Bott's bed had been prepared for him a few days before he came; she warmed the bed for him about eleven o'clock at night: she went to bed before her mistress, and after she was in bed, she heard her mistress go into the back kitchen and shut the front-kitchen door, which was an unusual thing, as it used to stand open, that her mistress might hear the clock strike that stood in that kitchen. In consequence of that door being shut, she could not hear any thing that passed between her mistress and the Defendant: the rooms in which her mistress and the defendant slept were opposite to each other, and only separated by the passage. She got up the next morning before seven o'clock, and her mistress was up before her: she prepared breakfast for her mistress and Mr. Bott, in the dining-room; she then went up to her mistress's room, and put up the windows, and then went into Mr. Bott's room: her mistress and Mr. Bott were then below at breakfast. When she went into Mr. Bott's room, and put up the windows, she then put two chairs at the foot of the bed to make it: when she pulled off the clothes, she perceived some marks upon the under sheet; at that moment her mistress came into the room, and snatched that sheet out of her hand, as if she had been afraid she might perceive the marks upon it: the bed had the appearance of two persons having slept in it, and it was furnished with two pillows: she had no doubt from the appearance of the bed, that two persons had slept in it; and from the marks on the sheet, she had no doubt that a man and a woman had slept in it. There was no man in the house but the Defendant, and no woman but her mistress and herself, and she said she slept in her own bed. When her mistress snatched the sheet out of her hand, she said, this will do for Mr. Duckworth at night to sleep in when he returns from London: that was quite an unusual thing for her mistress to put sheets that any visitor had slept in on her master's bed: her mistress took the sheet from her, and carried it into the nursery. She then went down stairs; the curiosity of the witness led her to go into the nursery, and to examine the sheet again: she found it not folded up, but lumped up in *a ruck*. After she had examined the marks upon it, she had no doubt that a man and woman had been in that bed: she then went into her mistress's bed-room, the bed appeared just as if somebody had crept into it and gone out again; you could scarcely tell that any body had laid down in it; she could safely say, that nobody had slept in that bed that night. The washing came round in about a week after that, and her mistress gave her that pair of sheets, which she had formerly snatched out of her hands, observing to her at the same time, that it had come off Mr. Duckworth's bed: but the witness knew there was no truth in that, because she knew the sheet from the marks she had described: it was a finer sheet than that on Mr. Duckworth's bed: and her curiosity led her to examine the sheets on her master's bed, and she found them both on it. She shewed that sheet to Dorothy Wade, who was the wife of the man servant, who lived in a farm-house near, and who assisted her to wash.

In about four or five months after that, Mr. Bott was again at her master's country-house: her master was not then at home, but she did not recollect where he was. Mr. Bott and her mistress were in the

the dining-room, and she went in unasked, with some coals, when she found the defendant standing behind her mistress's chair, with his hands one on each side of her face: he appeared to be very much *fluttered*, and moved his hands away from that situation. He was not at that time performing any operation on her mistress's teeth in the way of his profession. Mr. Bott and her mistress dined alone that day, but he did not sleep there: after dinner the bell rang, and on going up stairs she found the door locked; her mistress asked who was there? She answered, Molly: she desired her, without opening the door, to bring her a decanter and a tumbler. When she carried them up, she heard her mistress unlock the door in the inside, and the door would not open, because it had also been bolted: when it was unbolted, she opened it so far as to admit the decanter and tumbler; the witness then perceived the defendant sitting by the fire; Mrs. Duckworth's head-dress, particularly her cap, was very much tumbled: she communicated what she had observed to her fellow-servant. Her mistress had a complete set of artificial teeth; she made no secret of it; they were made by the defendant, and she frequently used to take them out, and the witness cleaned them: she was then without any teeth. She said, the plaintiff always conducted himself as a good husband, and a good parent; he was extremely fond of his children.

On cross-examination, she said, that Mr. Duckworth was a very kind affectionate husband. When he was at home, he slept in his own room, and his bed was always at Mrs. Duckworth's service, but she was not always in a situation to sleep with him, when she was intoxicated with liquor, which she often was during the whole time she was in her service; and so intoxicated, that she was not fit to come into her husband's bed: that was frequently the case. Mrs. Duckworth was neither pleasing in her person, nor agreeable in her manners; Mr. Bott came there to look after her mistress's artificial teeth. The witness had seen her without teeth while she was cleaning them: Mr. Duckworth was a very handsome, well-looking man. As to the beauty of Mr. Bott, he was a tall fat-looking man, well stricken in years, and not a bad-looking man; he had the external appearance of a Quaker, and had an agreeable way with him.

Dorothy Wade confirmed the evidence of the last witness, as far as her evidence went. She had often seen Mrs. Duckworth intoxicated.

Dr. Collier spoke to the obligations the defendant was under to the plaintiff, for the kindness and friendship he had shewn him.

The next witness was a female of the name of Shuttleworth, who entered into the plaintiff's service in December 1798, and she had seen her mistress and the defendant on a sofa in the parlour in an indecent situation. When Mr. Bott was there, a towel used to be hung across the parlour window, and the reason assigned for it by her mistress was, that it was to keep out the sun, to prevent it from spoiling Mr. Bott's work when he was performing an operation on her teeth, and also to prevent the splinters from coming against the glass.

The Rev. Mr. Walker was acquainted with both these parties. The plaintiff was a most respectable attorney, and, for the last ten or twelve years, was in the very first line of business at Manchester. When this gentleman lived at Nottingham, Mr. Bott had been employed

ployed in his own family: he certainly had an idea, that he was a man very eminent in his profession, and carrying it on to a very considerable extent as to emolument.

The evidence for the plaintiff being closed, Mr. Percival, on the part of the defendant, made a very able speech in mitigation of damages.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc told the Jury, this was an action brought by the plaintiff, who is an attorney of character and credit at Manchester, against Mr. Bott, a dentist, at Nottingham, to recover a compensation for an injury Mr. Duckworth had sustained, in consequence of the misconduct of Mr. Bott, who had a criminal connection with his wife. Mr. Duckworth had received an injury in consequence of that, being by that act deprived of the comfort and society of his wife. The injury was a considerable one, when taken in the abstract, independently of any particular case to which it might be applied: but the extent of the injury which a man received from an act of this sort, must always vary from the injury which another received, inasmuch as the domestic happiness and comfort of one man varied from that of another; and, therefore, it was impossible that the injury in any one case could be precisely the same with that in another; but each case must depend upon its own circumstances. The present was a civil action to recover a compensation for a civil injury: and, inasmuch as that compensation must be measured by money, the Jury, from the evidence laid before them, must decide on the quantum of the injury which the plaintiff had suffered. It was not easy to calculate the compensation, but it could only be made by damages of a pecuniary nature; and for that purpose the Jury would take into their consideration, in estimating these damages, all the circumstances of the parties: they would consider the situation in which the plaintiff and his wife were, and that sort of comfort and domestic happiness they enjoyed before the act complained of: they would compare that likewise with the situation of the party, who had been the cause of the interruption of that comfort and happiness. But his Lordship said, he could not well consider the defendant in this case, as standing before them for a crime, and to answer for it by a punishment; he was not before them to answer for a criminal charge, but he stood before them as a defendant in a court of civil jurisdiction, to answer for a civil injury. And when a party brought his action to recover a compensation for an injury, if, in such an action the Jury found the injury was slight, whatever opinion they might entertain of the offence abstractedly considered, according to the best judgment he could form, a plaintiff, who had received but a slight injury, was not entitled, by way of punishment on the defendant, for an act generally immoral, to recover from him greater damages than he had actually sustained. These observations were meant to direct the attention of the Jury to this point—namely, what compensation Mr. Duckworth was entitled to receive, and that must depend on the opinion which they should form of the injury he had sustained. His Lordship took it for granted, the Jury, on the evidence, would find the fact of adultery; and therefore the single question that remained, respected the amount of the damages.

His Lordship next summed up the evidence with great correctness and accuracy. The Jury then withdrew, and brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 200l.

Anecdotes of the Emperor Paul.

THE following anecdotes are extracted from a *Ministerial* Paper. Our readers may recollect (sad experience and the evidence of facts prevent us from forgetting) that there was a time, when, to have published such anecdotes, might have procured an Editor some months residence *in Banco Regis*:—

Some time after his accession to the throne, Paul, going into the apartment of his daughters, began to joke with one of their maids of honour on the subject of her approaching marriage. "As to my daughter Alexandra (added he), she cannot be married, for her lover has not yet learned to write." The fact was, he had received a letter from the King of Sweden, whose Secretary had omitted in the address some of the Emperor's titles —among others, the perfectly new one of the Duke of Courland, &c. That no one in future might be guilty of this neglect, Paul issued a particular Ukase, in which he prescribed the manner in which he chose to be named: those by which it is his pleasure to be addressed, even in a petition, are sufficient to fill a good page.

A whim, which caused no little surprise, was the Imperial prohibition of wearing round hats, or rather the sudden order of taking them away, or tearing them to pieces on the heads of those who appeared in them. This occasioned some disgraceful scenes in the streets, and particularly near the Palace. The cossacks and soldiers of the Police fell on the passengers to uncover their heads, and beat those who, not knowing the reason, attempted to defend themselves. An English merchant going through the street in a sledge, was thus stopped, and his hat snatched off. Supposing it to be a robbery, he leaped out of the sledge, knocked down the soldier, and called the guard. Instead of the guard, arrived an officer, who overpowered and bound him; but, as they were carrying him before the Police, he was fortunate enough to meet the coach of the English Minister, who was going to Court, and claimed his protection. Sir C. Whitworth made his complaint to the Emperor, who, conjecturing that a round hat might be the national dress of the English, as it is of the Swedes, said, that his order had been misconceived, and he would explain himself more fully to Arkarcf. The next day it was published in the streets and houses that strangers, who were not in the Emperor's service, or naturalised, were not comprised in the prohibition. Round hats were no longer pulled off; but they who were met with this unlucky head dress were conducted to the Police to ascertain their country. If they were found to be Russians, they were sent for soldiers; and woe to a Frenchman who had been met in this dress, for he would have been condemned as a Jacobin.

An officer walking the streets in a large pelisse, had given his servant his sword, which incommoded him, intending to put it on again, and to take off his pelisse when he got near the Palace. Unfortunately, before this took place, the Emperor met him, and, in consequence, he was reduced to the ranks, and his servant made an officer in his place.

Exercising his regiment of cuirasseurs one day, the horse of an officer threw him. Paul ran furiously towards him, crying, "Get up, rascal!"—"Your Highness, I

 cannot,

cannot, I have broken my leg." Paul spat upon him, and retired swearing.

One Court day after the accession of Paul, Stanislaus, the deposed King of Poland, who was in his train, bending under age and fatigue, was obliged to sit down in a corner, while three or four hundred courtiers were kissing the hand of Paul. The Emperor, perceiving that the old King had seated himself during this ceremony, sent an Aide-de-Camp to him, to order him to keep on his legs.

It is the order of Paul, that whoever is permitted to kiss his hand is to make the floor resound, by striking it with his knee as loud as a soldier with the butt-end of his firelock. It is requisite too, that the salute of the lips on his hand should be heard, to certify the reality of the kiss, as well as of the genu-flexion.

One of Paul's first regulations was, a strict injunction of all tradesmen to efface from the front of their shops the French word *magazin*, and substitute the Russian word *lavka*, (shop) assigning as a reason, that the Emperor alone could have magazines of wood, flour, corn, &c. while a tradesman ought not to be above his condition, but *stick to his shop*.

The real cause of the disgrace of Suwarrow has never, we believe, been properly understood. The Emperor Paul, very soon after his accession to the Russian throne, ordered the dress of the Russian soldiers to be changed to the German fashion. Suwarrow, when he received orders to establish these novelties, with little sticks for models for the soldiers tails and side-curls, said, "hair-powder is not gunpowder, curls are not cannon, and tails are not bayonets This sarcasm, which is not destitute of wit, and forms in the Russian language a sort of apothegm in rhime, soon spread from mouth to mouth through the army, and was the true reason that induced Paul to recal Suwarrow, and dismiss him from the service.

There is nothing so trifling to which Paul does not descend to shew disrespect to his mother's memory. The persons belonging to her wore rings, on which the date of her decease was enamelled. The Emperor expressed his dissatisfaction at it, and they are obliged to wear rings with the motto of *Paul consoles me.*

The person who has more immediate influence on his actions than his Ministers, or even his mistress will ever have, is a valet-de-chambre, by birth a Turk, made a slave in his infancy, and brought up in his house. To this Turk, named Ivan Paulovitch, the Generals and great men are eager to pay their court, as the real fountain of Paul's private favour. This Ivan is at present Counseller of State, and has the title of Excellency. Many lackeys, *Hof*, or *Kammer-fouriers*, Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber, are every day rising to the highest posts.

Paul, in reviewing one of his regiments, one day, committed some blunder in the orders which he gave. Thinking that it ought to be punished, he ordered a drum to be placed end-ways on the ground. He then imposed upon himself the punishment of sitting upon it for half an hour without opening his lips, while the troops all the while marched round and round him. This ludicrous sentence upon himself was executed to the utmost.

THEATRE, DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, December 12th, was performed, for the first time, a Tragedy called *Antonio*; or, *The Soldier's Return*. The characters were as follows:

Pedro, King of Arragon,	Mr. Wroughton
Don Antonio d'Almanza,	Mr. Kemble
Don Guzman, Duke of Zuiga -	Mr. Barrymore
Don Henry, brother to Antonio -	Mr. C. Kemble
Don Diego de Cordona,	Mr. Powell
Alberto, -	Mr. Holland
Helena, -	Mrs. Siddons.

This Tragedy, we believe, will not again be brought forward, which is a pity, as it afforded abundance of mirth. The effect of it, indeed, (for it is a very *deep* tragedy), was to throw the audience into a " most *humourous* sadness."

The fable and plot are extremely simple: *Helen*, the daughter of *Almanza*, a nobleman of the highest rank, had been promised in marriage by her father on his death-bed to *Rodrigo*, the friend of *Antonio*, her brother. During the absence of the latter, however, she marries *Guzman*, a man of the first family and merit, the object of her love, with the sanction of the King. *Antonio* returns, and finds his sister married. He had left *Rodrigo*, a prisoner at Milan, is pursuing means to procure his release, and had flattered himself with compensating his friend's misfortunes by marriage with his sister. Enraged to find his scheme disappointed, he applies to the King to dissolve the marriage. Being refused, he carries off his sister by force and stratagem, and places her in a convent. She is rescued from it; *Antonio* comes to Court, and insists on *Helen's* being sent back to the cloister. The *King* denies the request, and again sanctions the marriage with *Guzman*. *Antonio* endeavours to carry her off by force, but being prevented, he (to the utter astonishment and indignation of the audience at such an incident) plunges his sword into her bosom!!!

The whole interest of the piece is built upon the character of *Antonio*; but a more strange, uncouth, and unnatural combination of opposite sentiments and conduct never was patched together: It is a character with more than the high heroic madness of Don Quixotte, united to a degree of hardened villainy that would have disgraced a Cartouche. We suppose that the author meant to describe to what excess the proud, chivalrous honour of a Spanish grandee might be carried; but he must be utterly ignorant of the spirit and temper of the romantic, chivalrous principle. No extravagance, no distortion of it could have produced such conduct as that of *Antonio*, who, in other respects, is described as kind, humane, generous, and brave.—The honour of a Castilion, of a Knight, and a Soldier, might have been indignant at the breach of faith his sister had committed, and he would have been inexorable to her supplications of forgiveness. But that a brother, a soldier, and a cavalier, should demand the dissolution of an equal and an honourable marriage, sanctioned by love and authority; that he should tear his sister from her husband by low and unmanly stratagems; that he should insist upon her condemnation to a cloister; that he should become her murderer when thwarted in his cruel design, is something so incompatible with all virtue and honour; so irreconcileable with any thing noble or dignified, so absurd in the conception, so disgusting and odious in the representation, that we cannot but wonder how it entered into the heart of man to form

form such a monster, or to exhibit him to the public The catastrophe is so detestable, that a universal cry of detestation burst from the audience on seeing it. It had the effect of surprising, indeed, because it was violent and extravagant, even for the preceding absurdities; it excited horror too, but not that sort of horror which is the legitimate province of the drama, when extraordinary scenes of difficulty are terminated by some awful crisis of distress, or when gigantic villainy crowns its career by some consistent act of atrocity. Unfortunately the principle of honour, at least in modern times, admits of an association with too many bad principles and too much bad conduct; but there are actions with which it can never be joined. Particularly is the behaviour of *Antonio* to a lady and his sister inconsistent with the spirit of chivalry in any possible modification of it. It is an unpardonable outrage upon this respectable sentiment, thus to describe it as capable of violating the curtesies due to the sex; fulfilling the dictates of honour by trampling on the tenderest rights of humanity and the fondest affections of nature; inspiring a conduct more unfeeling than that of the wildest barbarian; changing a soldier into a sophistical cut-throat, converting cruelty into duty, and the murder of a woman into an act of magnanimity worthy of a noble mind.

Upon this ridiculous personage, and the vagaries springing from all these inconsistencies, the whole piece depends. Of course the plot must be unnatural—the sentiments imputed to *Antonio* extravagant and unjust. The cant of honour and the conduct of a ruffian in the same man, afford some striking contrasts, or rather inconsistencies, because such they must appear in this instance. Contrast of opposite sentiments and conduct in the same person, may afford room for nice discrimination, and the display of great knowledge of the human heart. Yet, though they contrast, they should consist. But in *Antonio*, the difference between what is good, and that which is bad, is so prodigious, that the whole character is improbable and offensive; the two parts of it are so coarsely joined together, that it reminds us of the old pictures of the Devil, when, lest the upper part might deceive the spectator, the monstrous cloven feet are sure to be conspicuous. Such characters violate every rule ——*Desinet in piscem, &c.*

The character of *Helen* is not disfigured by such wildness as this. She is attached to her brother, endeavours to smooth his resentment, and, when the victim of his injustice, assumes a becoming dignity. This, however, she does not maintain; she fluctuates between her love to her husband, and obedience to *Antonio's* violent caprice, so that she betrays her own cause, and weakens her claim to sympathy. The character of *Henry* is trifling and insignificant It seems as if the author intended to represent him as an artful, intriguing villain, but the sketch is very feeble. He does not appear to have any weight or influence in the contrivance, or business of the plot, and in some places this part was quite unintelligible or ridiculous. The rest of the characters are not worth noticing.

The piece being destitute of incident, intrigue and bustle, abounds in declamatory speeches and sententious dissertations. The language will not compensate for the defects of the construction and characters. It is destitute of simplicity and elegance. There is in it

a quaint-

a quaintness and affectation of style much aimed at by some in the present day. It is forced and unnatural, and when intended to be energetic, deformed by harsh and uncouth turns. In some places, indeed, when the sentiment was just, the language possessed vigour, and occasionally there was a happy application, if not great novelty of metaphor. Upon the whole, however, we don't think that good judges would consider the language pure and classical.

Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Barrymore, did all which could be done for their respective parts; but after some marks of disapprobation in the progress of this play, the last act was received with shouts and laughter.

The Prologue, spoken by Mr. C. Kemble, we could not hear. The Epilogue, spoken by Miss Heard, was a trite and not humourous description of a tradesman, who neglects his shop to go to the Play, but it had no more connection with the Tragedy than with the battle of Blenheim.

A PROPER BLOW UP.

[Extract of a Letter from the Captain of the ship Clyde, (which sailed from Liverpool to Jamaica in March last), to his friend in Edinburgh, dated Liverpool, 23d November.]

"I Have met with only one extraordinary accident since I saw you, which happened on the 11th of March last, at 2 A. M. My carpenter, (whom I had suspected of being deranged) two days after my leaving Martinico, with the convoy, being confined in the mate's cabin, broke through it into the next state-room, loaded a musket, put the iron rammer in, instead of a bullet, presented the piece close to my head, and blew me out of my hammock. I was found on the cabin-deck, bleeding, and in a state of insensibility; a few minutes, however, restored me, when I had him put on board the ship of war, our convoy. The rammer passed over the bridge of my nose and right eye-brow, cutting into the bone; the left side of my face was scorched, and a great quantity of powder yet remains never to be extracted, by which my countenance is somewhat altered."

A LEGAL DUEL.

A Few days ago an Officer confined in the King's Bench for debt, and a Gentleman in the same situation in Newgate, having each obtained a day-rule, met, and quarelled in Drury-lane Theatre.—A challenge was the consequence, and each obtained another day-rule to go and fight next day!

FOX HUNTING.

FROM the scarcity of hares in the neighbourhood of Putney and Wimbledon, as well as their speedy escape (when found) into the surrounding parks, the hounds of Mr. Chapman frequently hunt fox. Drawing Coombe Woods lately, they soon unkenneled, and after an excellent chase of three-quarters of an hour, *ran to earth*; a circumstance of great mortification to those who were in anxious pursuit, and eager expectation of *the brush*. Several coffee-houses were *bored* with a *recital* in the evening. The meeting place is the Obelisk, near the remains of Abershaw, every Monday morning at nine.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE papers have prognosticated a fall in the price of *beef*, from the expected large importations of Hibernian *bulls*.—This *speculation* does not appear well grounded; for, in some parts of *this* country, an *advance* of price has been demanded for the *use* of that animal.—Poor *John Bull!* Some people seem to think they can never make *enough* of him.

The alteration of the times has been felt at Bristol:—During the last twenty years, Mr. Weeks at the Bush tavern, in that city, has annually, at Christmas, provided a larder furnished more abundantly and with greater variety, than perhaps any other tavern in the kingdom could have shewn; but this year, owing to the great pressure of the times, we understand, he prudently declines to make his accustomed exhibition.—Hence one of our quizzical correspondents remarks, that this is the age for producing *fat beasts* and *lean men!*

The officers of the 3d division of the East Middlesex regiment of militia, on their march through a country town, were waited upon after dinner by a surgeon of the town, (who had the care of a sick soldier, on account of getting him his pay) he was asked by them to sit down and take a glass of wine: after he had taken a glass or two, upon being asked by the President to give a military gentleman for a toast, he gave "*The Shank End of a Leg of Mutton.*" Upon his being asked for an explanation, he said it meant *General Boney-part*; on which the officers not chusing to drink to that toast, one of them gave the *Woolley Part*, alluding to *General Wolfe*. The doctor left his stick behind him, and the officers the next day having amongst other things a *Leg of Mutton* for dinner, they sent the shank end of it to him tied to his stick. The doctor was in his shop at his pestle and mortar, when the stick was delivered to him by a soldier of the regiment, with the shank end of the leg of mutton tied to it; and he was observed to look *a little sheepish* on the occasion.

It has often been the Minister's triumph over the French, that they have no *money*; and now the enemy retort on us, that we have no *bread*. It would be very beneficial to both countries to exchange some of their superfluities, could their rulers be brought to think so!

Says a Gentleman to a Lady, the Bench of Bishops is the ugliest I know, for there is but one *Pretty-man* amongst them.—You forget, replied the Lady; surely there is one *More!*

A BULL.—On a late trial in Westminster-hall, one of the witnesses, hearing the defendant very severely reprobated by the Judge and Counsel, said, with great *naivette*, "Now, by G—, is the time for the defendant to *shoot* himself *through the head*, if he ever *did so* in his *life*."

LEGAL CRITICISM.—Not long ago, an eminent special pleader was at the theatre seeing the play of Macbeth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the Witches in the cavern, what they had been doing, they answer, "a *deed* without a *name*." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend,

friend, who accompanied him, "a *deed* without a *name*," why 'tis *void*.

The legal gentleman who exclaimed the other night at Macbeth, that *a deed without a name* was absolutely void, made a similar comment at the representation of Othello. When the General was so loudly crying out "My handkerchief,"—"My handkerchief," he observed, that if it had been picked out of *Desdemona's* pocket, Mrs. Litchfield might be indicted for a *felony*, and Cooke as a receiver of *stolen goods*.

It seems that in the midst of hostilities raging around them, the Plenipotentiaries at Luneville are giving and receiving visits in the kindest manner. This proves at least, that if the two nations are incapable of the relations of *peace*, the Plenipotentiaries are disposed to those of *amity*!

Since the discovery that straw could be manufactured into paper, a new connection is formed between our *agriculture* and our *literature*. The man who raises a fine crop of wheat, may be furnishing the materials for a poem!

Thus, from the ingenuity of modern times, an author, after *threshing* his brains, may depend upon an allowance of *straw*, and the public will no doubt frequently be treated with mere *chaff*!

A wit observes, that if it be true that our late magnanimous ally, the Emperor of Russia, toasts Bonaparte's health *in his cups*, it is well for him that he is an *autocrat*. A man here, who would pledge the Emperor's toast, would be left to recover his *sober senses* in Cold-Bath-Fields!

The Master of the Wrestler's Inn, at Yarmouth, having solicited Lord Nelson to allow him to put up his arms, and change the name of his inn to the Nelson's Hotel, his Lordship returned for answer, that he was perfectly welcome to change the name of his inn; but that he must be sensible he had no *arms* to spare.

The *route* season is about to commence as well in this as in other countries, but with this difference, however, that in Germany and Italy, the routes will be given by the *men*, and in London by the *ladies*.

In the *crim. con.* case, Hoare *versus* ——, a wag lately observed it was rather hard, as the husband himself was the cause of *making his wife—a Hoare!*

An artisan lately calling upon a dealer in hard-ware, and asking him if he had any of the metal called pinch-back—*pinch-back!* exclaimed the other—No, no, I have nothing to do with *pinch-back* these *pinch-belly* times.

A wag has observed, that Mrs. Duckworth is certainly more to be pitied than blamed, for a frailty into which she fell—*in spite of her teeth*: and that her gallant *Nottingham Quaker* resembles Cassio, He is "framed to make women false"—teeth.

A late trial for *crim. con.* proves, that the *teething* season is sometimes no less fatal to the old, than to the young, and shews, too, that *false* teeth and *faux pas* have formed "a strange, uncouth, and unnatural connection!"

The whole fraternity of tooth-drawers are *au désespoir* at the conduct of one of the brotherhood. Not a beauty, they say, will visit one of them *alone* for the future, unless she has more regard for her teeth than her character. We think, however, it is a good trade still.

It is not true, that his Serene Highness the Stadtholder, has hired the Parsonage-house at *Snoring*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BOXING MATCH.

BEFORE ten o'clock on Monday morning, December 22, above sixty post-chaises and hackney coaches, containing in the former two or three, and in the latter, five or six *well-dressed Gentlemen*, passed Hyde Park Turnpike, to be present at the pugilistical conflict between two Gentlemen—not of *Verona*—but of England and Ireland, by names *Belcher*, a noted pugilist from Bristol, and *Gamble*, an Irishman. The number of light carts, horsemen, and pedestrians, were, as a French General observes, *incalculable*. The battle took place on Wimbledon Common, for one hundred guineas a side.

Belcher was in the ring, walking about with his brother, for half an hour before Gamble made his appearance. The latter entered about twenty minutes before twelve o'clock; and, in the course of ten minutes, the champions stood forward in the middle of the ring, stript, and attended by their respective seconds and bottle-holders. Joe Ward was Belcher's second—Belcher, jun. his bottle-holder—and Tom Tring their deputy; Mendoza was Gamble's second—Coady his bottle-holder, and Crab their deputy. As if with intention to honour the manes of Abershaw, the field of battle was a short distance from his gibbet!

In the First Round—Gamble struck the first blow, which Belcher parried, and, quick as lightning, put in three in different parts of the face. They, then closed, and, from the Irishman's (Gamble's) superior strength, Belcher had the caution to drop. This confirmed the friends of Gamble, and five to four were betted with increased eagerness, though Belcher remained unhurt, whereas Gamble had received three several blows.

In the Second Round—Belcher advanced with great gallantry—Gamble retreated. Belcher then made a feint with his right hand; Gamble immediately guarded that side opposite, when the Bristolian hit him so severe a blow with his left hand, over the right eye, as to close it, and cause him to fall on the ground with such violence, that for a second or two he remained motionless. Bets were now two to one in favour of Belcher, and but cautiously accepted.

In the Third Round—Gamble still kept retreating: he hit Belcher several times in the body; but a severe blow on the nose drew the blood from Gamble. They then closed, when the latter threw Belcher with much violence on the ground, and fell across him. Bets were, however, four to one in favour of Belcher.

In the Fourth Round, which was uncommonly severe, the *Bristol Boy* displayed great coolness, intrepidity, and skill; and, after several very hard blows, Gamble, receiving one on the neck, again fell. The odds were ten to fifteen, nay even twenty to one.

The Fifth Rouud decided the contest, for the Irishman received so desperate a blow, put in on the stomach, that he fell backwards on the ground, and had scarce

breath enough to give in to Belcher.

The Battle lasted nine minutes and three quarters. The umpire then declared that Belcher had won. The *Bristol Youth* gave a spring in the air, and was carried on the shoulders of his friends round the ring in triumph.

REMARKS.

When they stript, Gamble appeared so much the heavier man, that his friends backed him three to two. The general opinion, however, was against him, his bottom being suspected.

Previous to the appearance of the combatants in the ring, bets were seven to five in favour of Belcher; and before setting to, Ward offered twenty-five guineas to twenty, that he won, which was not accepted.

After the first round, Gamble was evidently afraid of Belcher, and constantly retreated from him.

Belcher laughed his antagonist to scorn during the whole of the battle; and used several motions both with his head and hand, to irritate him

The opinion of the *knowing-ones* was decidedly in favour of Belcher. Gamble fought very badly, is a slow hitter, and shewed no courage.

Upwards of twenty thousand pounds was lost on the occasion. The landlord of the Crown and Punch Bowl, Seven Dials, won five hundred guineas by betting on Belcher.

After this bloody contest, much mirth was excited in the ring, by the following dialogue between Belcher and Mendoza, whilst the former was tying his shoes!

Belcher—Dan Mendoza!

Mendoza—Well, what do you want?

Belcher—I say, these were the shoes I bought to give you a thrashing in Scotland.

Mendoza—Well, well! the time may come.

Belcher—I wish you'd do it now.

Some friends interfered, and the contest was prevented. When Gamble was helped into the chaise he appeared to have a rib broken.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

Caleb Baldwin, a dealer in greens, and carman in Westminster, fought a battle for fifteen minutes with a shoemaker, of the name of Kelly, another Irishman, for twenty guineas a side. Baldwin was seconded by Ward, Crab, and Tring; Kelly by Coady and Burke. After a severe engagement for fifteen minutes, twelve rounds, victory was declared in favour of Baldwin, who gave his man a hearty drubbing.

In this time of scarcity, one of our fashions is somewhat useful, that of having little or no supper. The convenience of dining late produces in this instance the same effect, which poverty did at the close of the last century. Chamberlayne, in one of his editions, 1684, says of the English gentry —' In former times, their table was in many places covered four times a-day; they had *breakfasts*, *dinners*, *beverages*, and *suppers*, until the late troubles, wherein many eminent families being much impoverished by the prevailing revels, a custom was taken up by some of the nobility and gentry of eating a more plentiful dinner, but little or no supper."

A few days ago a part of a covey of partridges, which had been pursued by a hawk, exhausted by fear and fatigue, dropped down in the High-street of Dundee. Two of them took refuge in different shops.

Tuesday

Tuesday, as Mr. John Keene, who is totally blind, was going from Mear to Glastonbury, he heard the cries of a woman in the water, which was out to the edge of the road—he plunged into the water, and, directed by her screams, he waded to the spot, till he was up to his breast, when putting out his stick, she fortunately laid hold of it, and dragged her safe to the road. The woman was so exhausted, that she was unable to walk, and her poor blind deliverer absolutely carried her all the way to Glastonbury. Our readers must confess that Mr. K. bears a two-fold title to the attribute of "*feeling* for another's woe."

A dramatic society is about to be established in Sweden, under the protection of the King, and under the inspection of the Duke of Sudermania: it is to be composed of the youth of the Court, and of other Nobles of both sexes. They are to perform before persons who may be invited, at the theatre which is to be constructed, the best French and Swedish pieces. The expences are to be supported by the subscriptions of the Court, and the most distinguished persons in the kingdom.

A swindler of great enterprize, and who like our celebrated highwayman Duval, not contented with depriving gentlemen of their purses, stole the hearts also of the ladies, was lately apprehended at the Opera in Paris: it appeared upon examination, that there are few countries, whether in alliance or at war with the Republic, of which he had not adopted the *costume*, and that in the disguise of a Dutch merchant, no dress very particularly adapted to the graces, he had been very successful in his amours. He was on the point of being married to his third wife when apprehended.

An over-driven ox lately tossed a woman who was walking on the pavement near the Poultry five or six times from the ground. Fortunately her petticoats saved her from being gored; and she was at length extricated from this danger by her petticoats being torn away, with which the ox ran off, carrying them in triumph on his horns. The woman was not materially hurt.—Thus it still appears that clothes are of *some* use!

On Monday, the 8th, a coursing match was run on Newmarket-heath, for ten guineas a side, between a greyhound of John Mosely, Esq. and one of Mr. S. Brook's, which was won by the former, after a very good course.

The farmers coursing meeting at Market Weighton, was well attended. The hares above Londsborough are not so plentiful as they used to be on the white grass there. It is supposed some very unfair means to destroy them have lately been practised.

During the late high wind, one of the chimnies at Horsham barracks fell through the roof, amongst four officers, who had just sat down to a *comfortable rubber at whist!*—The party providentially received no material injury; but were so alarmed by the sudden crash, that they all voluntarily declared they would never more touch the *Devil's Books* on the *Lord's Day!*

LUSUS NATURÆ.

The wife of Dominique Ledru, in Paris, has lately been delivered of a figure resembling an ape, having the horns of a goat, the foot of an ox, the tongue of a serpent, and the tail of an ass.

Mr. Cookson, well known on the turf, run his last *race,* and lost *dead hollow*, on the 25th of November.—*Death* took the *whip-hand* of him, and beat him completely out of the *field*.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES,

OVER THE DOOR OF A PENNY BARBER.

UNDER this roof, there lives a Barber,
Who ne'er spares soap to raise a lather;
Whether your beards be thin or thick,
Or soft as down, or hard as brick—
Whether your jaws be plump or shrunk,
Or pimpled o'er from getting drunk;
With razor keen,
He'll shave you clean;
And free from pain,
Or bloody stain:
And that in a trice,
At a penny's price.
But if from home, he's call'd to shave,
Double the price he then must have.
And thrice the sum if in his bed
He lathers one that's sick or dead.
These are his terms he asks no more;
But he must have the *brass* before
The cloth's removed—he will not score!

TIM. TRIM.

THE MOCK-BIRD AND RED-BIRD;

AN AMERICAN FABLE.

SOME birds (it is no news to tell)
Can sing, and in their songs excel;
Then, should we sometimes hear them speak,
What need we any wonder make?

The *Mock-bird* on a time, 'tis said,
Thus the sweet *Red-bird* did upbraid.

" Ah! hapless bird! with one poor note;
" One, and no more to swell thy throat;
" One, and no more, can'st thou repeat,
" To charm the Woods, or cheer thy mate;
" One, and no more, poor bird! whilst I
" Abound in sweet variety.
" Nor is't thy voice, thy voice alone,
" Thou simpleton! that I bemoan.
" Methinks your colour looks as mean;
" All of one hue—all red in grain
" Your topping's something gay, 'tis true,
" But that, even that, is red, poor you."

The *Red-bird* heard the taunting strain,
And answer'd without pride or pain.

" Poor me! say'st thou, proud gaudy bird!
" Thyself may better claim that word.
" They're poor who never are content,
" But still to steal from others bent.
" If all are poor that wear one hue,
" (Your pretty taunting to pursue)
" Then, poor's the lily, tho' so fair,
" Or red rose that embalms the air.

" I wish not to grow proud or vain,
" By picking plumes of various grain;
" Nor would * feign'd song, by Rapine, raise,
" Content with my own native lays.
" My voice, thou mocker, 'tis well known,
" Such as it is, it is my own;
" And, if decided by fair votes,
" As sweet as all your mimic notes.
" But your small eyes can only see
" The beauties in yourself that be;
" And these, as little as they are,
" You magnify—and so prefer."

The *Mock-bird* cry'd—" Ha! my small eyes—
" But eyes are not to win the Prize.
" The question is of voice and colour,
" And not, whose goggle eyes are fuller.

* The *Mock-bird* has no song of its own, but can imitate every other bird it hears.

" Hark!

"Hark, have you ears?"—Each strain it try'd,
And swell'd with music, and with pride;
Then would have spoke again, but (choak'd
With spite and spleen) it rather croak'd.
"My throat is hoarse,"—it scarce could utter,
And yet seem'd something more to mutter,
Then, taking flight, its weakness found,
And, fluttering, fell upon the ground.

The *Red-bird* not insulting stood,
But wing'd, and warbled thro' the wood.

The MORAL, to be learn'd from hence,
Is pretty plain.—Let's have the sense,
Simplicity of life and heart
To love, and scorn delusive art;
Never, thro' pride or spite, in vain
Our breasts to vex, or throats to strain;
But shun all foolish ostentation,
And be contented with our station.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies *that* horse, POTZO's, well yclept—
For he in goodly case his owners kept;
Oh! cou'd Potatoes at this time procure
Flesh on the bodies of the starving *poor!*

CAPTAIN SNUG.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A familiar Epistle to a Friend in the Country, requesting the Author to borrow him a few Hundreds from some advertising Negociator or Friend.

HAPPY, dear Frank, could I obey,
And meet your wishes in the way
Your letter points—but to be plain,
Experience shews it is in vain;
For let them promise what they will
They seldom have the cash, or will
To do the thing they advertise,
But fill you with amusing lies:
Unless indeed you are content
To yield them profits—cent. per cent.
And as for friends—e'en they you'll find,
To self and usury inclin'd.
In proof—peruse the following rhymes,
They'll suit, you'll find, the modern times.

The man you know—they say a plumb—
Tho' I believe—not half the sum.
With him I liv'd (as neighbours should)
Ready to do what's kind and good;
But Fortune, (fickle in her way,)
Sent me a Dun, I could not pay;
So, to my *worthy* neighb'ring friend
I went, not doubting he would lend;
But, to my wonder and surprise,
He flat denied me the supplies;
And said, "Why, surely you're in joke,
"And mean this trial as a cloak,
"To try me, if I'm such an elf,
"To love my neighbour—*as myself.*"

"Then why profess?"—cried I, in turn;
"Be patient, Sir, and you shall learn.
"When first such language I profest,
"I thought you rich as —— at least;
"But now I find you want a loan,
"It makes me change my former tone.
"For I'm, you know, a man in trade,
"Whence all my fortune I have made;
"And were it ever known on 'Change,
"(The world would think it wond'rous strange)
"That I, a man in years, should lend,
"My money, to a lord, or friend,
"Which, heaven knows, I ne'er intend;
"*But*, if the present loan you want
"Can be secur'd by deed, or grant,
"Of one annuity or two,
"I'll try, *my friend*, what I can do.
"Or, if a banker here in Town,
"Whose name and character is known,
"Will join you in a bond or note,
"I'll give the thing a second thought,
"And may to issue soon be brought.

I thank you, Sir—but curse your pelf,
Your love, your friendship, and yourself;
And hope in future we shall be,
Tho' near—as distant, as Goree.

Thus, Frank, you see—how this world goes—
How int'rest governs friends and foes.
And whatsoe'er man's profer'd will is,
Learn, with me—*non creditus illes.**
But on yourself alone depend—
For there you'll find your only friend.

* *Virgil.*

EPIGRAM.

JACK, an *Acrostick* made on Celia's name,
For which, to say the truth, he was to blame;
What, in return, deserves the poet Jack?
Why, like for like—a Stick-across-his-Back.

THE

THE POET's GARRET.

COME, sportive Fancy! come with me, and trace
The Poet's *attic* home! the lofty seat
Of th' heav'n-tutor'd Nine! the airy throne
Of bold Imagination, rapture fraught,
Above the herds of mortals. All around
A solemn stillness seems to guard the scene,
Nursing the brood of thought;—a thriving brood,
In the rich mazes of the cultur'd brain.
Upon thy altar, an old worm-eat board,—
The pannel of a broken door, or lid
Of a strong coffer, plac'd on three-legg'd stool,
Stand quires of paper, white and beautiful!
Paper, by destiny ordain'd to be
Scrawl'd o'er and blotted; dash'd, and scratch'd, and torn,
Or mark'd with lines severe, or scatter'd wide
In rage impetuous! Sonnet, song, and ode,
Satire, and epigram, and smart *charade*;
Neat paragraph, or legendary tale,
Of short and simple metre, each by turns
Will there delight the reader.

On the bed
Lies an old rusty suit of "solemn black"—
Brush'd thread-bare; and with brown, unglossy hue,
Grown somewhat antient. On the floor is seen
A pair of silken hose, whose footing bad
Shews they are travellers, but who still bear
Marks, somewhat *holy*. At the scanty fire
A chop turns round, by packthread strongly held;
And on the blacken'd bar a vessel shines
Of batter'd pewter, just half fill'd, and warm,
With Whitbread's bev'rage pure. The kitten purs,
Anticipating dinner; while the wind
Whistles thro' broken panes, and drifted snow
Carpets the parapet with spotless garb
Of vestal coldness. Now the sullen hour
(The fifth hour after noon) with dusty hand
Closes the lids of day. The farthing light
Gleams through the cobweb'd chamber, and the bard
Concludes his pen's hard labour. Now he eats
With appetite voracious! nothing sad
That he with costly plate, and napkin fine,
Nor china rich, nor fork of silver, greets
His eye, or palate. On his lyric board
A sheet of paper serves for table cloth;
An heap of salt is serv'd, Oh!—heav'nly treat,
On Ode Pindaric! While his tuneful puss
Scratches his slipper for her fragment sweet,
And sings her love-song soft, yet mournfully.
Mocking the pillar Doric, or the roof
Of architecture Gothic, all around
The well-known ballads flit, of Grub-street fame!
The casement, broke, gives breath celestial
To the long dying-speech; or gently fans
The love enflaming sonnet. All around
Small scraps of paper lie, torn vestiges
Of an unquiet fancy. Here a page
Of flights poetic;—there a dedication;—
A list of *Dramatis Personæ*, bold,
Of heroes yet unborn, and lofty dames
Of perishable compound, light as fair,
But sentenc'd to oblivion!

On a shelf—
(Yclept a mantle-piece), a phial stands,
Half-fill'd with potent spirits!—spirits strong,
Which sometimes haunt the poet's restless brain,
And fill his mind with fancies whimsical.
Poor Poet! happy art thou, thus remov'd
From pride and folly!—for in thy domain
Thou can'st command thy subjects;—fill thy lines—
Wield the all-conqu'ring weapon heav'n bestows
In the grey goose's wing! which, tow'ring high,
Bears thy rich fancy to IMMORTAL FAME!

M. R.

On the MARRIAGE *of Mr. J.* BACCHUS, *aged* 97, *to Miss* MARY WATSON, *aged* 27.

IF a man, when a century nearly is past,
To encounter sweet wedlock doth pine,
'Tis a proof, and most positive e'en to the last,
Of the power of women and wine.

Some care must have been, though, adopted thro' life,
(Our pleasures too much should not hack us)—
Or else how lamented the fate of poor wife,
And still more to be pity'd old *Bacchus!*

THE

THE GREYHOUND.

A FABLE.

" *Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.*"
HOR.

IN times when animals could speak,
With equal ease as men read Greek;
As o'er his prey a greyhound stood
Licking his lips upon his food—
Thus in himself he justly weighs,
Which of his limbs most merit praise.
The Tail suggests—I steer thee right;
The Legs reply, we bear your weight.
I, says the Nose the food must trace;
We, says the Eyes, direct the chace;
True, says the Mouth—but pray declare,
Can either of ye catch a hare?
Silence, says Spring, distraction smother,
For none subsist without another.
Thus statesmen, who for power are jarring,
The int'rest of the state are marring.

THE SPORTSMAN's MORNING.

THE night recedes, and mild Aurora now
Waves her grey banner on the Eastern brow;
Light float the misty vapours o'er the sky,
And dim the blaze of Phœbus gairish eye;
The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
And curls the crystal surface of the lake;
The eager sportsmen snatch a short repast,
And to the field repair with anxious haste.

The active Pointer, from his thong unbound,
Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
With glowing eyes, and undulating tail,
Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
Yet 'midst his ardour still his master fears,
And the restraining whistle chearful hears.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
Now sudden wheel, and now attentive seize,
The known advantage of th' opposing breeze;
At once they stop; yon careful dog descries
Where close and near the lurking covey lies,
His caution mark, lest e'en a breath betray
Th' impending danger to his timid prey;
In various attiudes around him stand,
Silent and motionless, th' attending band!

They rise!—they rise!—Ah yet your fire restrain,
'Till the maz'd birds a greater distance gain!
For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
Wide of your aim and innocent of blood;
But mark with careful eye their less'ning flight,
Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,
And at the length where frequent trials shew
Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow,
Draw quick.

THE SPORTSMAN's EYE.

WHEN the last sun of August's fervid reign
Now bathes his radient forehead in the *Main*,
The *Panoply*, by sportive heroes worn,
Is rang'd in order for th' ensuing morn:
Forth from the summer guard of bolt and lock
Come the *thick gentre*, and the *fustian frock*;
With curious skill the deathful *tube* is made,
Clean as the firelock of the spruce parade.
Yet let no polish of the *Sportsman's* gun
Flash, like the soldier's weapon, to the sun,
Or the bright steel's refulgent glare presume
To penetrate the peaceful forest's gloom;
But let it take a *brown's* more sober hue,
Or the dark lustre of th' enamel'd blue.
Let the close *pouch* the *wadded tow* contain,
The leaden *pellets* and the *nitrous grain*;
And wisely cautious, with preventive care,
Be the *spare-flint*, and ready *turn-screw* there,
While the *slung net* is open to receive
Each *prize* the labour of the day shall give!

Yet oft th' experienced Shooter shall deride
This *quaint exactness* of fastidious pride;
In some *old coat*, that whilom charm'd the eye,
'Till time had worn it into slavery;
His dusky gun, by spotted rust conceal'd,
Thro' rainy service in the sportive field,
He issues to the plain!